







# T H E ~~W~~ A R L O C K

A TALE OF THE SEA.

BY

THE OLD SAIL

AUTHOR OF "TOUGH YARNS," &c. &c.

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" Of the king's ship,  
The mariners, say, how thou hast disposed,  
And all the rest o' the fleet?"

TEMPEST.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

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warn't in a man-o'-war, then, shipmates—I was in an Ingeeman, bound to Madras and Bengal. Well, as I was a saying, the hands was turned up, reef topsels; it was the middle watch, somewhere about five bells, and it looked squally and sneezing, away to the nor-west, with the scud flying over our heads like a shoal of black spirits riding on the wind and chasing each other for sport. Well, shipmates, I was then ounly a youngster, doing duty in the mizen-top; and so I ḡot the clew-lines stretched along, and the topsel-sheets all clear for letting go, and then I waits for the other watch to come up afore we went aloft. All at once I seed a large ship away upon the weather-beam coming down upon us under every stitch of canvass as a craft can set,—studd'n-sels a both sides, a-low and aloft, though it was blowing very hard at the time; and we'd as much as we could hang on, with double-reefed topsels and the top-gallant masts struck. So when I seed her, I sings out 'Sail, O!' though, shipmates, I'll swear, point blank, she warn't in sight two minutes afore. So, as I was a saying, I sings out, 'Sail, O, to windward! Port your helm!—for the larboard side was the weather-side;—'port your helm! port! or she'll be aboard of us!' Well, the captain jumps up upon the poop alongside o' me, and he seed the craft, and he hal-loos through his speaking-trumpet to the man at

the weather-wheel, ‘ Port, lad! Hard up with the helm? Square away the ~~star~~-yards! ’ But before she could be got to answer her helm, I’m blessed if the stranger’s flying jib-boom warn’t right over us, just abaft the mizen-rigging; and so, expecting that we should get our quarter stove in, and mayhap obligated to swim for it, I claps my arms round a loose hen-coop, by way of a Noah’s ark, and houlds on like grim death agen the doctor. So I waits and waits for the crash; but, to my wonderment, I didn’t never feel not nothing whatsomever touch us. There was no shock, no noise, and so I looked up to windard, and I couldn’t get the smallest blink of her; but when I looked to looard, there she was, close to us on our lee-quarter, going steadily afore it, without a yaw of a quarter-point either way, and carrying on as taut a press as ever. We never seed a single creatur aboard of her, nor heard the creaking of a spar, nor the rattle of a block. She had a high Dutch starn, and steady she went, rolling along like the white-shrouded ghost of a giant, seemingly without straining a rope-yarn. And well she might go steady, shipmates,” added the seaman in a voice of solemnity; “ well she might go steady, seeing she was steered by a dead man’s hand.” Here he paused for a minute or two, and then resumed. “ Well! what was the upshot of

it? Why, shipmates, if it didn't come on to blow great guns directly astern yards, then I never seed it blow great guns in my life. In less than an hour, we were hove-to under a close-reefed main-topsel, in a sea running as high as a church steeple. One o' the fleet was missing next morning, and was never heard on arterwards."

" 'Twas the 'Flying Dutchman,' shipmate," said the other seaman; "he's always a cruizing in them latitudes, and mayhap the missing craft had some mischance with him. How you escaped, by your own account, is a merrycle; but your time warn't come, Joe, and so Davy couldn't grapple with you, more's the better. I never seed the fellow—I mean the Mynheer—myself, but I'll tell you what I did see, and then let them as doubts there being such consarns, never misbelieve again. Though, for the matter o' that, it isn't often as I overhauls the story, 'cause I'm summut misdoubtful, as people may think I wants to clap an extra purchase upon the laniards of their conscience; but howsomever, and I don't think there's not one o' you whatusomever as'll go to gainsay it. I was in a New Brunswick smack, getting fish off Cape Cod, and there was only myself and a boy on deck; the boy was sitting abaft, looking out for squalls,—for d'ye mind,

the fore-sheet was to windard and the helem a-lee,—and I was taking a caulk on the weather-side o' the companion hatch. Well, I'd got my eyes buttoned up, just to keep 'em warm, when the youngster sings out, 'There's a sail close aboard of us!' so, seeing in regard that I had charge o' the smack, I springs my luff, rights the helem, and sends the lad forud to let draw the fore-sheet, or keep it fast, according to circumstances. So I looks out to windard, and there, sure enough, I saw a large vessel, in a strange, out-o'-the-way, no-man's-land, sort of a rig, summut like what many on you have seen in very ould pictures; she had more the cut of a brigantine than any other craft, ounly she'd a short stump-mizen mast, with a kind of a lateen-sail, and as she shaved us so close that I could have jump'd aboard of her, I could see she was full o' men; but not none on 'em never moved nor spoke, except one ould fellow as stood on the rails abaft, houlding on by the mizen-shroud, so as I had a good look at him. He'd a three-corner iron-bound truck upon his head, a blue jacket, trimm'd wi' gold lace, a scarlet garnsey-frock, and petticoat-trousers; a broad black belt went round his loins, in which he carried a brace o' pistols, wi' brass barrels, as big as blunderbusses, and by his lar-

board side hung a cutlash, wi' a blade broad enough, upon a pinch, <sup>to</sup> be used as a hand-bible; and he hails us through a speaking-trumpet as long as our spanker-boon, and says he, 'Smack a-hoy!' At first, I thought it was thundering, and so I never says nothing at all, and, 'Smack a-hoy!' hails he again; and so, having by that time got rid of my nonplush, I answers, 'Holloa!'"

"Who's that shouting in the lee-waste, there?" demanded the officer of the watch; for the seaman, in the excitement of his narrative, had raised his voice to a pitch that had reached the quarter-deck.

"It's Darby Allen a snoring, sir," answered Dexter; and approaching the youth, who was leaning over the gangway in a deep, but silent slumber, he pinched his ear so as to arouse him. "Arrah, Darby, don't you hear what Mr. Marshall's saying to you?"

"No, no," replied Allen. "I warn't asleep, though. But what did he say?"

"Och, Darby, by the powers but he says if you snore so loud, you'll be waking all the after-guard," returned Dexter, laughing.

"It's too bad, of you, Dexter," remonstrated the young midshipman with a yawn, "to disturb a fellow out of his nat'r'� rest. You are everlastingly annoying me."

“Och, murther, don’t be angry, jewel,” responded Dexter: “take ~~another~~ snoose to yourself, my darlin. Sure, and don’t we all know that you can see best with your eyes shut? As for you, my man,” turning to the seaman whose narrative had been interrupted, “get on with your yarn; spin away, my boy, but don’t make so much noise with the winch.”

“Let me see, where was I,” said the seaman, inquiringly.

“It was in a smack, lying-to off Cape Cod, you were,” answered Dexter, which informed the group that the young officer had been listening to them.

“O ay, now I have it—it was just where the ould chap hailed us,” said the other, “out of his trumpet as would have made a bosprit for the craft. ‘Smack, a-hoy!’ says he; and ‘Holloa!’ says I. ‘Are there any traders in the port?’ says he. ‘Full on ‘em,’ says I; ‘pray what ship’s that?’ ‘Look at my starn,’ says he, ‘and spell her name, and tell ‘em I’m on the coast again.’ Now, shipmates; I’d picked up a bit o’ larning when I was a boy, though, for the want o’ use, it had got rather stiffish wi’ me. Yet I musters up edecation enough to make out, in bright shining letters, that glow’d like fire, **THE VULTURE**; and I’m — if it didn’t strike me up all of a heap, for I knew

that was the name of the ship in which the bloody pirate, Captain Kidd, and his murderous crew had scrimmaged the ocean; and what he was a doing, arter being scragged by the neck many years afore, to trouble peace-going craft, gave me a fit o' the doldrums. But there was a pretty breeze, and she was flying light, so that by sunrise she warn't nowhere to be seen; and I didn't disturb the master to tell him of it, as I thought she had left us harmless, and she wouldn't come within sight of us again, but go right slap away on her phantom cruise. But I was out in my reck'ning, shipmates, for it sell a stark calm; and though the pirate warn't to be seen even from the mast-head laying on the bosom of the water as a right arnest natural craft ought to do, I'm blow'd if I didn't see her, keel out and bottom uppermost, sailing in the air, with her mast-heads pointing down to the water. Now, I'll ax any body whether that was ship-shape, or whether she was where any honest craft ought to be? Why, it stands to reason, that no human living creatur could do his duty about the decks with his trucks downwards; and though I remembers once hearing about the hangtipokees, where people walks with the soles of their feet towards each other, yet this was another guess sort of a matter, and so I made up my mind it was Captain

Kidd, as was hung for piracy, come out in one of these devil's consarns to air himself; and it's my notion, that same schooner we are now chasing could cruise just as well among the tumbling clouds, as she does on the rolling sea."

Many other tales, equally as marvellous were repeated till the watch was relieved, and the excited tars went below to dream in their hammocks.



## CHAPTER IX.

“An apple cleft in two, is not more twin  
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?”

*Twelfth Night*

AMONGST the various trying and peculiar situations in which a true son of the ocean may be placed, there is perhaps none that produces more mental excitement than chasing, or being chased. A gale of wind demands both skill and vigilance—skill in reducing the sail to a correct balance, so as to keep the ship as steady as possible, without endangering the sticks or straining her timbers; vigilance in watching the seas, easing her to them, jogging the pumps, and other necessary duties after the sail has been reduced. In an engagement, one main object is to attain the point of impunity, and then for a keen eye, a steady hand, and hard hammering—no one is idle—it is downright heavy labour; there is no time to think. Gun-

tackle falls, sponges and rammers—small-arm men, sail-trimmers, boarders, and firemen,—from the first captain down to the powder-monkey of each piece of ordnance, all is rattle, and thunder, and noise, yet without the slightest approach to confusion. In a storm or in a battle one master-spirit directs the whole; but in the former, when under snug canvass half a dozen pair of watchful eyes will suffice to look out for squalls; in the latter, every eye must be open and vigilant, every limb must be active and supple, every ear must be quick, every heart bold to achieve the victory. In chasing, however, there must be a combination of nautical talent, an incessant application of practical knowledge without noise or bustle, and the suggestions of tried experience, though coming from before the mast, are never despised, and where the senior is a thorough seaman, seldom neglected. When the sails are set and well trimmed, there is plenty of leisure for active thought, and the mind becomes occupied instead of the body. The sportsman can well understand the distinctions here attempted to be drawn. In matches against time, the running horse attracts undivided attention; in a race where there are two or more horses, each has its share of notice according to the efforts made to take the lead. Against time, the jockey has only to keep up one uniform but fleet pace;

in racing, the jockeys are pressed by each other, and the cleverest generally wins.

Throughout the night mentioned in last chapter, scarcely an eye was closed in the Warlock, and even those who did dose wished to make it appear that only one eye slept at a time—in fact, that their eyes kept watch and watch. Daybreak again illumined the eastern sky; the look-outs had just taken their stations aloft, and were carefully scanning the horizon, when voices were simultaneously heard from the maintop-sail and foretop-sail yards, “Sail O! on the starboard-bow.” In an instant a death-like silence prevailed fore and aft, even Darby Allen was aroused by it, and each one stood as quiescent as a statue.

“What does she look like?” inquired the officer of the watch.

“I can but just see her, sir; she’s dipping now like a gull’s wing over a spray,” replied he of the foretop sail yard. “She’s a brig or a schooner, sir,” answered he of the maintop-sail yard.

“Foretop-sail yard, there!” hailed the officer from the quarter-deck, “look out when she’s right a-head.”

“Ay, ay, sir,” returned the man; “port a little, port!—there, steady—so. Now you’ve brought her open on the larboard-bow—starboard a lit-

tle—so! steady, steady. She's right a-head now, sir."

"Keep her so, quarter-master," commanded the officer of the watch. Stations' men, get a pull of the larboard braces! 'Tend your studd'nset tacks to windward. Aboard, main tack!—steady, aft the larboard main and fore-sheets. Fore-tops, there! clear away, and trice up your staysels. Fok'stle, there! run up the flying-jib. After-guard! haul in the boom-sheet. Come, come, Mr. Allen, look smart, and don't stand there with your mouth open to windward—Zounds! sir, it's as bad as the mizen-topsel aback."

The change in the course had brought the wind about a point abaft the beam, so as to let every thing draw, which was the Warlock's favourite trim for sailing. The lieutenant's orders had been obeyed with alacrity, and he went below to report affairs to Captain Pearce. In the mean time, Dexter had slung his spy-glass round his neck, and ascended to the foretop-sail yard. "The top o' the morning to you, Solomon," said he, addressing the look-out. "Fait, but I'll engage your ould namesake never took such an airing as this afore breakfast, even in his ships of Tarshish; and pleasant riding it is,"—getting astride the yard, and adjusting his glass to its proper focus; "and now where about is the stranger?"

"There she is, Mr. Dexter, right a-head," said the man, extending the arm in the direction.

"Oeh bother! my man, d'ye think I'm blind?" responded Dexter, catching sight of the object he had the instant before been inquiring about; and clinging with his left arm round the topsail-tie, he passed both legs before the sail, raised the glass to his eye, gazed intently for a minute or two, and then uttered, "By the powers, but it's myself as is bothered entirely; there's two masts—that's clear enough, but as to their rig, by the hookey, but it's a puzzler, any how; she looks like a hen-soop broomstick rigg'd."

"And that 'ud be a queer craft to sail in, Mr. Dexter," returned the seaman, laughing. "A poor fellow 'ud have a *soul* berth of it, any how."

"And get *duck'd* into the bargain," resumed the midshipman, once more directing his glass towards the stranger.

"What do you make of her, Mr. Dexter?" shouted the lieutenant of the watch, who had again returned to the deck. "Can you see which way she's standing?"

"It's standing altogether, I think she is, sir," replied Dexter. "I can make out nothing but a couple of sticks, and a sheet hung out to dry. But we're rising her very fast, sir."

Hope and expectation animated every heart; the

golden cargo of the schooner came flitting before the eyes of officers and men; the rich prize, which promised ample fortunes to all, was probably about to become their own; glowing visions of future happiness presented themselves to the imagination, and for a short time the distance which discipline enforces on the various grades, was lost in the general joy.

“ Well, Marshall,” said the old master, as he ascended the companion-ladder to the quarter-deck, “ I’m tould you’re in chase of a church that has slipt its moorings from the shore.” And then, in a half whisper inaudible to all but the individual to whom it was addressed, “ You want a pull of that weather fore-topsel brace; the yard-arm is afore the fore-yard. I know you’ll excuse my telling you.”

“ I did not observe it, in the hurry of the moment, master,” returned the young man, who, far from feeling displeased, was grateful for having his attention called to that, which would have produced animadversion from Captain Pearce the moment his eye rested upon it; the yard was properly trimmed, just as the skipper himself appeared on deck.

“ Below, there!” shouted Dexter, from his exalted station; “ she looks like a schooner in dis-

tress; her topsel is flying loose, and sails are like—like—”

“Like what, sir,” demanded the first-lieutenant, who now assumed the carrying on the duty, “What are they like, Mr. Dexter?”

“Why, then, it’s myself is bothered to tell you, sir,” replied the midshipman. “They’re like—oh! they’re like an Irishman’s wig,—all in an uproar.”

“More respect to your superior, Mr. Dexter,” exclaimed the captain, who became instantly aware that the excitement of the moment had levelled a few barriers. “Try how far you can bring her down, sir.”

“Ay, ay, sir,” replied the young man, leaving the topsail-yard, and descending to the fore-yard added, “It’s here; I’ve got her, sir, and in another half turn o’ the glass you’ll get her off the cat-head.”

Captain Pearce walked the quarter-deck very much excited; several times he stopped, looked with some degree of sternness at Hamilton, and seemed preparing to speak; but turning short, he again resumed his pace.

Several glasses were soon aloft upon the fore-yard; and as the chase evidently made no effort to escape, the corvette neared her very fast.

“That piratical craft cannot be far off,” said the

captain, addressing his next in command. "No doubt, the poor fellow a-head has been boarded and plundered by him; and most likely, we shall find that cruel bloody murder has been done. Blow, brecze, blow!" he added, raising his arm in a commanding manner, and uttering the request in a hollow solemn voice, "Blow, breeze, blow,—stretch out my pretty craft, for justice calls for speed."

And the wind did blow, and the Warlock increased her speed,—at least so thought the men, whose ears had caught the captain's words; but the hopes of prize-money had gradually diminished, as conviction forced itself upon them, that the vessel they were nearing was some unfortunate that had been plundered by the pirate. The stranger was under no government whatever; most of her sails were down, but all doubt as to her being a schooner was removed. In a short time she was visible from the forecastle, and as the noble ship, as if conscious that speed was necessary, rushed on her way with impetuous haste, running four knots and a half off the reel, with the short glass, they were soon enabled to make out her hull. Captain Pearce, nearly surrounded by his officers, had steadily scrutinized the stranger through an excellent telescope, and his face frequently became flushed, and mutterings of im-

patience now and then escaped him.' The officers who had glasses, passed them from one to another with looks expressive of surprise, but continued silent; till at last, after one long and steady gaze, the chief started from the recumbent posture in which he had placed himself, and vehemently exclaimed, "By heaven, it is the pirate himself!" and throwing his eyes aloft, he continued, "Mr. M'Creery, see that every stitch of canvass draws, and have all clear for shortening sail in an instant. Then beat to quarters,—there may be some trick in this."

"Ay, ay, sir," answered M'Creery. "Call the drummer there forud."

In a few minutes the orders were completed, the drum sounded on the waters, and the men hastened to their guns. As they drew nearer, however, the schooner presented a scene of the utmost confusion. The shrouds were cut away, and hanging about the masts; what few sails were left, were hanging in shreds; she was evidently very deep in the water, (indeed, it was that circumstance that had caused so much hesitation as to her identity,) and the crew were seen running about the decks in a state of distraction and despair.

The captains of the guns had reported "all rea-

dy" to the officers of each division, which was repeated to the captain, who exclaimed, "Beat the retreat, Mr. M'Creery, and see all clear for hoisting out the boats!"

The yard-tackles were got up; the boats' crews laid all their gear in readiness; the schooner appeared to be getting deeper and deeper in the water; every soul in the corvette was animated by the same feeling, and no one could shut his senses to the fact that the pirate was sinking, most probably—as the seamen thought—preferring to perish by their own suicidal act, than by the hands of the executioner, and at the same time preventing their hard-earned wealth from falling into the grasp of an enemy.

Oh, who can describe poor Hamilton's feelings, as he kept his eyes fixed upon that doomed vessel, knowing—as he did—that it contained the sweet girl whom his soul loved! Earnestly did he pray that succour might not be too late; and then the desperate character of the pirates crushed every rising hope of saving her from death, or—what was worse to his troubled mind—pollution. In his agony, the perspiration burst from every pore; sickness—the sickness of the heart—produced a weakness almost to fainting, and every limb shook with tremor. Still he gazed on, as if the glass

would grow to his very eye. There was no movement in his body beyond the preservation of his balance with the motion of the ship, and there he stood, unmindful of the anxious looks of many an honest tar who witnessed his distress, insensible to all that was passing immediately around him. The men were at their stations, ready to shorten sail, when a loud respiration—a simultaneous heavy drawing of the breath from a number of persons,—was heard on the forecastle, foretelling some calamity; and the next instant a wild shout, “She’s gone! she’s gone!” was echoed among the sails. The schooner had given a heel over, her stern rose high in the air,—there was a plunge, and she disappeared for ever. Three or four miserable victims could be discerned struggling in the waters for a short time; but when the Warlock reached the spot where the schooner had sunk, the waves rolled on as smoothly as ever. A few scattered pieces of wreck floated on the waters, but no living creature was left. Reckless in their lives, the pirates had been equally reckless in their deaths; and as they feared not the vengeance of heaven whilst pursuing their murderous trade, so in the last act of existence they had cut off all hopes of divine mercy. Such were the first feelings of many who had witnessed the catastrophe. To describe what passed in Hamil-

ton's mind would be impossible. M'Creery spoke kindly to him, and after some serious remonstrance he was enabled to arouse himself from a state bordering on stupor, and in some measure to attend to his duty. Horror at the self-devoted sacrifice of human life, and disappointment at the loss of so rich a prize, pervaded the ship's company. The sail had been reduced; the Warlock was hove-to; the boats were hoisted out; but, except picking up a few loose spars, nothing was saved from the insatiable avarice of the ocean. Sail was again made upon the corvette, and they were trimmed for the harbour of Rio Janeiro, where Captain Pearce determined to go, for the purpose of making his report to the commander-in-chief.

Stealthily and in subdued tones did the seamen converse together through the day on the events of that morning, whilst wild superstition revelled in the horrible and the wonderful; and during the night-watches they huddled in confused groups in the waists and on the forecastle, and even the men on the look-out endeavoured to get a watch-mate to bear them company. Hamilton had the middle watch, and whilst pacing to and fro on the quarter-deck, his mind was violently agitated, as busy thought brought before him the occurrences of the last few days, which, though rapid in their flight, seemed to him to carry the events of years.

He had had a private interview with Captain Pearce, from whom he concealed nothing. He spoke as a man, as a lover, and he spoke with acrimony of his commander's conduct on the mountain, and his subsequently having him conveyed on board the schooner; but he received no explanation. The captain listened to all, but said nothing of any import, though a smile of bitterness curled his lip as he dismissed the lieutenant from the audience, with a promise that the mystery should very soon be cleared up. There was one thing, however, that relieved Hamilton's mind: Captain Pearce had most solemnly declared that he knew nothing of the fate of his humble companion, Ben Transom, who, it was apprehended, must have perished in the falls of the torrent. Still a doubt would intrude, that if his commander had sacrificed him to his rage and revenge, he would conceal the deed by falsehood. Yet, how could the hitherto honourable, high-minded, intrepid Pearce descend at one plunge to such baseness and villainy?—it was inexplicable.

The night—or rather morning—was hazy; the breeze fresh, with smooth water; the distended sails swelled with the wind, as they bore the lofty ship triumphantly along. “Sail, ho!” exclaimed the look-out at the lee cat-head. “A sail close to us!—broad away upon the lee-bow!”

Hamilton sprang forward, whilst many a shudder ran through the gathering seamen, who at first entertained suspicions that it was the spectre of the schooner that lay buried in the depths of the ocean; but soon the three masts of a large ship were distinctly visible, and the clean set and trim of her sails gave indications that she was a vessel of war.

The stranger was reaching in upon the same course as the Warlock, and under a press of canvas, but apparently insensible to the close approximation of the British man-of-war. The men were called to their quarters, Captain Pearce was summoned to the deck, and in a few minutes the corvette ran under the stranger's lee and hailed. The hail was not promptly returned, though the movements of the crew showed that every one was on the alert; but in a short time it was ascertained by the stranger's reply, that she was a Spanish armed ship, bearing the name of "Los Tres Hermanos," bound from Monte Video to the United States, but intending to touch at Rio Janeiro. Satisfied with the account she gave, Captain Pearce pursued his way, the guns were housed, and the watch called. At daylight the land was seen streaking the western sky with its undulating curve, whilst the stranger, who had at first kept way with the Warlock, was now falling astern, as if she was

laying at anchor. This, however, excited no suspicion, but was attributed to the superior sailing of the corvette; and the gallant "Wizard of the Sea" stood on till Morris's islands were clearly distinguished, dotting the blue ocean with their living green; whilst the tall sugar-loaf at the entrance of the harbour served as an admirable guide to direct their course.

The land-breeze met them as they approached the shore, and shortly afterwards it fell calm, the Spaniard being then about three miles distant, to seaward. As the sea-breeze was not expected to set in for two or three hours, Captain Pearce despatched Lieutenant Hamilton in a boat to the stranger, for the purpose of trying to gain some information relative to the previous movements of the piratical schooner, as he well knew she had last fitted out and sailed from Monte Video. This appeared to Hamilton to be an unnecessary measure, as, from all the circumstances that had come to his knowledge, it was pretty evident to him that his commander must be well acquainted with her history. Still it was his duty to obey orders, whatever motive prompted them; and accordingly, he proceeded, rather satisfied than otherwise, at being selected for the occasion, as he anticipated a melancholy pleasure in ascertaining some account of the

vessel that had proved a coffin to one whom his very soul had so fondly loved. On nearing the Spaniard, Hamilton was warned to keep off, on account of the fever raging violently on board. But indulging no apprehensions from merely ascending to the deck, he pushed boldly alongside, passed up the ladder, went over the gangway, and was instantly made prisoner; his arms were bound, his eyes blindfolded, and, though he strongly resisted, yet he was compelled to yield, and, by the noise that followed, he was also assured that his men were in the same predicament.

The young lieutenant was conducted below, and threatened with instant death if he attempted to remove from his place of confinement. Hamilton, in the short glimpse he had caught previous to being blindfolded, had seen quite sufficient to convince him that the ship he was on board of, in point of armament, was equal to his own; and, though there did not appear to be many hands on deck, yet he rightly conjectured there was a numerous, bold and lawless crew in the between-decks. The mixture of languages, which he could plainly hear, convinced him that many kingdoms had contributed to furnish forth the worst specimens of national character; and that he was in bad hands, did not admit of a moment's doubt, though he felt satisfied Captain Pearce

would come in chase as soon as ever the breeze should spring up; yet, in such case, the stranger would catch it first, and as the Warlock would be at least three or four miles dead to leeward, it was far from improbable that the ship would escape, and his fate be inevitably sealed.

The place of the lieutenant's confinement was a sort of store-room, under the great cabin; and here he lay, bound and in darkness, revolving in his mind the many scurvy tricks which fortune had played him in so short a time. Sometimes he thought he could hear groans and sighs, and the murmurings of distress; but they were so indistinct, that he could not be certain whether it was the utterance of human voices, or the noise arising from the motion of the ship.

At length the vessel became more steady, and, by her heeling over, Hamilton was aware the sea-breeze had set in; whilst the rippling of the waters against her run convinced him that she was walking along at a racing pace, and by her bending to the power of the wind, that not an inch of canvass was spared. By dint of incessant struggles he had contrived to free his arms, and the earliest use he made of this liberty was to remove the bandage from his eyes; but no light entered the loathsome dungeon, and he had no weapon to defend himself in case of being attacked.

About noon, as near as he could conjecture, the scuttle to his prison was opened, and a bottle of wine, some biscuits and other eatables, were hastily handed down; but by whom, he could not see, though it seemed pretty certain that no unfriendly hand had thus supplied his wants. Hour after hour passed on; the breeze freshened to a strong gale, and the young lieutenant became aware, by the manner they were dragging on the ship, that it could only proceed from strenuous efforts to get away from a pursuer, and that pursuer hope told him was the Warlock; for though suspicions crossed his mind that Captain Pearce was desirous of getting rid of him, yet he knew that it would be impossible for him to leave the boat's crew in the hands of a supposed enemy: besides, there was promised the honour of a victory, and the emoluments of prize-money. Whilst ruminating on the past, and refreshing himself with the food that had been so strangely bestowed, wearied nature became overpowered, and he fell in to an uneasy and spectre-haunted sleep. How long this continued he could not tell; but he was suddenly awoke by a rough and heavy hand pressing upon him, and a voice, that he instantly recognised, although in whisper, warned him to be silent. "Ax no questions, sir," said his visiter; "let it suffice thatould Ben is near you. God bless you, Ned,—Mr.

Hamilton, I mean. You are in peril here, but take these,"—giving him a stout bayonet and a pistol;—"they'll serve in case of emergency. Keep close to your quarters; the ould craft has us in sight, and though, mayhap, a hangman's noose may be fitted to my neck, yet no matter, so as I can but save you."

Hamilton was not only confused by his dreams, but actually confounded, on awaking, to find his humble friend Ben Transom, by his side. At first, he shuddered at the thought of being near one whom he deemed an inhabitant of some unhallowed grave; but vivid recollection returning, he speedily became convinced that Ben was living and unhurt, and he hastily inquired the cause of the old man's presence.

"'Tis a box-the-compass sort of a traverse to work, sir," answered Ben, "and no time whatsoever to do it in. I must leave you now," added the veteran, pressing the lieutenant's hand; "and, Lord love you, Ned—Mr. Hamilton, I mean—don't stir out o' this for your life. I will come again, if I can steal away, before long."

The old tar took his departure, and Hamilton saw him apparently creeping forward towards the hold, but it was too dark to ascertain correctly. He would have followed, however, but for the injunctions of the seaman, and the conviction that

he could obtain no advantage by thus uselessly exposing his life. Left once more to himself, he first concealed his weapons, and then endeavoured to trace, by conjecture, in what manner his old friend came to be aboard the ship. It was a vain and futile task, and he again composed himself to slumber.

A rending, crashing noise, which was immediately followed by heavy discharges of artillery, once more aroused the lieutenant to a consciousness of his situation; and to his well-practised ear informed him that the Warlock had got the ship within reach of her guns, and they were entering into action. To remain stationary under such circumstances, he felt to be impossible; and taking his weapons, he endeavoured to grope his way in the direction which he supposed Ben had taken; but just abaft the after-hatchway he found a stout bulk-head, extending the whole breadth of the ship, and was about giving up his search in despair, when his hands encountered a crow-bar that laid between two casks, and he immediately set to work to break his way through the obstruction. The noise he made was unheard by those above, who were deafened by the din of battle; and in a short time he had opened a sufficient space for a passage into the after-hold. Here large bales, which the lieutenant knew to be silk, massive bars

of gold, and huge chests bound with iron, were promiscuously stowed, displaying a mass of wealth that dazzled the eyes of the young officer, and gratified him with the prospect of future independence in the shape of prize-money. From thence he passed into the main-hold, where the light was more dim; but his long confinement in darkness had habituated his sight to such a circumstance, and here, also, he discerned the same profusion of rich cargo; \*whilst in the fore part, to his great astonishment, he beheld an officer in the Portuguese uniform, whose dress denoted high rank, sitting on a bale, whilst a young female, with materials that she had torn away from her dress, was endeavouring to stanch the blood from a wound in his breast. Hamilton approached them, and in doing so attracted the officer's attention. He raised his head, and the lieutenant faintly discerned the features of the runaway governor of Sanctos. Here was fresh food for wonder, but there was no time to indulge in it, for an exclamation from Don José aroused his companion, who turned sharply round; but who can describe the emotions of Hamilton, when, in that companion, he beheld Marietta! Their recognition was mutual; and notwithstanding the presence of a third person, nature triumphed, for they were in an instant clasped in each other's arms. But vir-

gin bashfulness soon recalled Marietta to a sense of her situation; she timidly withdrew herself from Hamilton's embrace, and by her actions supplicated assistance for her father. The lieutenant lost not a moment in complying with her request, and whilst thus engaged, Marietta was vainly endeavouring to make him comprehend the mystery of finding them on board the ship; but Hamilton could make nothing of it, nor, amidst the tumult, which was incessant over head, could they make each other distinctly heard. At length a tremendous shock, (in which the ship they were in heeled over so as to capsize them,) informed the lieutenant that the vessels had come in collision, and the contest was about to be carried on hand to hand, by boarding. Anxious to be on the side of his friends, he tried the several hatchways, but all were battened down. He was then proceeding ast to the scuttle above his place of confinement, for he could hear the struggle upon deck, and blood came running down through the rent tarpaulins; when suddenly a stream of light was let into the fore part of the hold, and Hamilton hurried to Marietta's side to protect her in case of danger. Concealing himself behind a bale, he lay at full length, but at the same time was enabled to command a perfect view of all that was going on. A man descended the fore-

scuttle; he wore an undress naval uniform soiled, torn, and his white trousers stained with blood. A gold chain, with the links dissevered, hung confusedly from his neck; and Hamilton, as he approached, discovered that it was his own commander, Captain Pearce. In his hand gleamed a bright stiletto; he sprang forward and grasped the shrieking maiden; the dagger was raised above his head, to give strength to his blow, but his murderous purpose was so fully evident, that Hamilton did not hesitate an instant to fire. The ball shattered the villain's wrist, and the dagger came down heavy, but erring;—Marietta was saved. Quitting his hold upon the fainting girl, he threw himself towards Hamilton, who had only half risen, and could not at the moment seize the bayonet. “May curses rest upon you!” exclaimed the murderous wretch, as he directed the stiletto to the lieutenant's breast; and the stab must have been fatal, but for the timely intervention of Ben Transom, who struck his opponent senseless, and Hamilton arose uninjured.

“‘Fast bind, fast find,’ was a saying of my poor ould mother's, Mr. Hamilton,” said the seaman, drawing a piece a line from his trousers'-pocket and securing the captain's arms behind him. “A bloody-minded dog of a freebooter! Now, Ned,

—Mr. Hamiltou, I mean,—you'll soon be let into the secret of one skipper to two crafts.”

Loud shouts, which resounded at this moment, indicated that the brave Warlocks had won the victory. The Spanish ship had surrendered, and Hamilton hastened on deck, when there,—in the pride of manly courage, leaning on his reeking sword,—stood Captain Pearce. The bewildered lieutenant thought himself bewitched; he had but the minute before left his commander—as he thought—insensible in the hold, and now he stood before him in all the conscious pride of a British officer flushed with victory. His gold chain, unbroken, was round his neck; his uniform was stained with blood, but not a wound or scratch about his person.

The lieutenant was followed to the deck by the ex-governor and his beauteous daughter; and now it was Captain Pearce’s turn to be surprised,—nor was that surprise in any way diminished, when Ben Transom, with a look, half triumph, half shame, appeared in the wake of Hamilton.

“Mystery upon mystery,” exclaimed the captain, whose countenance was expressive of extreme pleasure, arising from his recent conquest, and his love of the marvellous which appeared to be resulting from it. “How is this, Mr. Hamilton?” Then bowing stiffly to the Portuguese, “Don José,

I am proud to see you. Signora, your humble servant. As for you, sir," addressing Ben, rather angrily, "pray what character in the farce, or tragedy,—for there seems to be a sprinkling of both,—pray, what character are you enacting?"

Hamilton remained silent; the ex-governor merely returned the salute; Marietta looked imploringly to the lieutenant; but Ben, unshipping his tarpaulin hat, and twirling it by the rim round and round with his fingers, approached his commander. His accustomed look of conscious integrity, the bold erection of his head under a conviction that he had always done his duty, the firm step of manly pride,—all these had departed, and he stood with downcast looks before the scrutinizing gaze of Captain Pearce. "It's a long story, your honour," at length he mournfully uttered, "and I'm not a little bamboozled about it myself. Howsomever, I arn't a-going to flinch from consequences, seeing as I did all for the best, as mayhap, Mr. Hamilton can tell you; and it's no joke, your honour, that walking the plank, though I'd have gone overboard willingly, sooner than turn pirate. But, your honour, I wanted to lay an anchor out to windward on 'em, for the sake of the young lady and my officer there. Then, sir, I got, as I said before, regularly bamboozled; for I had my orders from your honour, and yet it warn't

your honour; and saving your presence, d— me f I can make head or tail of it now.”

The captain's features relaxed into a smile at the seaman's perplexity, but they instantly resumed a severe expression. “ You have fought against your countrymen, sir; you are found in arms against your national flag; you must be tried as a traitor.”

The seaman gave a sudden start, and his countenance became violently agitated. It was, however, only momentary. “ In the regard o' the matter o' fighting a bit, your honour, I arn't a-going to deny it; but it was a force-put,—a down-right force-put, for the fellows knew they would be hanged, and so they detarmined to make me run the same chance. But ‘ death before dishonour,’ says I, and cock went the lock of a blunderbuss; so seeing as I could do no good whatsoever with a ball in my head, or a skylight in my ribs, I did handle the gun-tackle falls; but the moment your honour boarded, I played my part t'other way, and I'll ax your honour's self whether I didn't—” and here he stopped short for a moment, but afterwards added, “ whether I didn't pay the rascals off for their tricks upon an ould tar?”

“ You did,” replied the captain, “ and to your undaunted intrepidity I am indebted for standing

here at this moment. But we have no time now for explanations. Mr. Hamilton, you will be satisfied of your injustice to your commander. Conduct Don José and his daughter to the cabin, place a sentinel to prevent intrusion, see that the father's wounds are dressed, and then, sir, to your duty." Hamilton bowed, and proceeded to obey orders. "And now, my man," turning to Ben: "but, avast! Mr. M'Creery! He does not hear. Go on board the corvette, Ben, and tell the first-lieutenant to get the boats out."

"Ay, ay, sir," returned the old man, hastening away to execute the command, all his energy and vigour returning with the implied confidence reposed in him; and jumping on the gangway with the activity of a youth, he swung himself by a rope from one ship to the other. Hamilton returned to the deck, as soon as he had placed Marietta and her father in security, and now, for the first time, he noticed the situation and relative position of the two vessels. The corvette was lying with her bow-sprit between the lee-fore and main shrouds of the Spanish ship, her flying jib-boom passing to windward of the foremast in a slanting direction; so that the weather-bow of the Warlock was near the lee main-channels of her opponent. The pirate's mizen-mast and fore-top mast had been shot away, but the Warlock was but little

injured in either masts or rigging, though the sails were rent to ribands by the grape and langridge of the enemy. The Spaniard was a frigate-built ship, and consequently her gun-deck was partially screened from the observation of those above; but the blood that ran from her scuppers, discolouring the water with its gory hue, plainly showed that dreadful slaughter had been carried on below. The quarter-deck and forecastle, however, at once exposed to the lieutenant's eye the number of the dead and dying, where the stern foes lay side by side, in impotence or death. The young lieutenant, whilst passing over the wounded and the slain, recognised, by the blue heart on the white shirt, (the distinction of the Warlock's boarders,) many a brave fellow with whom he had shared the peril of former engagements, and whose dauntless spirits had triumphed o'er the tempest; their last battle was fought, and their grim countenances displayed their determined courage and resolution to the latest breath. The pirates were arrayed in various costume, according to their national alliance; but great numbers were stripped to the skin, having no other covering than a pair of canvass trousers. They were remarkably fine-looking men, and even though defeated, their physical strength was not to be despised by the cautious victor.

Hamilton was proceeding round by the forecastle, when a hail of recognition brought him up, and, seated by a long brass nine-pounder, his right arm hanging shattered by his side; and the fine linen which composed his body-dress saturated with blood, he discovered the seamen of the schooner who had assumed the command on the night of the lieutenant's detention. His face was much paler from the loss of blood—indeed, it bore the livid hue of death, but there was still the same ferocious look, the same devil-may-care sort of expression; and though he must have been suffering excruciating pain, he gave no outward betrayal of it, but seemed as if sitting at ease. “My reckoning is work'd up, young gentleman,” said he, “and I own I am out in my calculations, as many a brother tar has been before me. What's the upshot? Here I am, hard and fast; hoved own for a full due, my hammock will be my coffin, and I shall have a scaman's grave. So far all's well; but it raises my spleen—lift me up a little, young man,—I say, it raises my spleen to see that flag,”—pointing to the English ensign,—“to see that flag once more my master.” He gnashed his teeth, and grinned with rage. “The padrone was a fool; but it always has been so when woman takes the helm of man's understanding. Had he done as I wish'd him, both crafts would have

made bone-houses for all hands; and even now, if I had the power, a ~~flash~~ in the magazine should send us all to—.”

Hamilton shuddered to find a fellow-creature so near his end, and yet so reckless of the future; whilst Dexter, who had overheard his language, exclaimed, “It’s but small thanks we owe you for that same, any how, my fine fellow! A decent sort of a mother’s son I’d be looking, flying aloft, like a sky-rocket in a shower of sparks—Och, then, you murthering villain; sure it’s meself that’s mightily obliged to you.”

The pirate gave the midshipman a look of stern contempt, as he answered, “I argue not with boys, the mere scrapings of an enslaved and enslaving aristocracy. Give me a congenial spirit to hold my last converse with, and then I shall slip my cable as a seaman ought.” His strength was rapidly failing, and Hamilton motioned to Dexter not to irritate the dying man, who added, “Oh for some glorious veteran, some thorough tar, to over-haul my mind to. Ha, ha, ha!” he faintly laughed, “the ‘gods are propitious.’ Here he comes—the very man himself.” The old master approached, and the seaman continued, “Well, brother, and what think you now of being jammed down in the Bight of Benin upon a lee-shore on a dark night—sharp work for the eyes that! But we have no

time to renew our dispute as to the best mode of anchoring on such an occasion; yet I should like to have a word or two with you before we part company."

Old Humphreys had some difficulty in recalling to mind the features of the wounded man, but his voice, and the subject of their conversation at Donna Custoldia's, brought him to recollection, and the master felt for the moment a flush of resentment at having been imposed upon; but the humanity of his heart soon gained the ascendency, and gazing on the shattered limb of his prostrate foe, all the better feelings of nature were called into action. Yet with the true characteristic of the ruling passion, he answered, "For the matter o' that, shipmate, I still hold that it is best to bring up with the sheet at once, if so be there's a chance of getting good holding-ground,—but that's neither here nor there. Here you are upon your beam-ends with one o' your spars carried away; so we must see what the doctor can do to splice your limb, or tail a piece on to it; and mayhap," he continued, with a voice expressive of much kindness, "mayhap we shall get you afloat again."

"Hush, brother, hush!" rejoined the dying pirate, scornfully. "I have often thought of you; ax the youngster there," nodding at Hamilton. "If I did not inquire after your health. But I'm

saying, I took you for a man of some sense.—But how one may be deceived! Why, brother, listen to reason. Will a tourniquet on the stump of my arm save me from a hangman's noose round my neck? or can your doctor heal the wounds in what you call broken laws? Nay, nay, I know I must die, and I thought you might just give me a cheer as I crossed the line,—for I hate your parson-craft, pretending to patch up the holes in a fellow's conscience, just as a sail-maker would mend the chasings in a spanker or a jib, that's only fit to be cut up for parcelling. I have lived a long life for a rover, and should have spun out my days a little longer, but for them d—d apron-strings; but when a man gets under close-reefed petticoats, may the devil take a round turn in my wind-pipe, if ever he gets to windward afterwards."

"You behaved honourably to me on one occasion," said Hamilton, bending down on his knee by the side of the dying pirate, "and I would show my gratitude, but scarce no how. Your hours seem to be numbered, and will you recklessly forget there is another world? Will you defy the only Being on whom you can call for mercy?"

"Now, that comes o' your bible-larning, young man," returned the hardened seaman. "Why, mayhap, there may be another world, though it

would puzzle wiser heads than yours to tell its bearings and distance. But what then? Do you think, that after living a desperate life and taking in a cargo of wickednesss enough to sink twenty such craft as myself, that now in a moment of peril, a few snivelling words would plead in my favour? or that the Eternal Judge of quick and dead is to be cheated by a cry for pardon extorted by the terrors of a future state? No, no, I've got a conscience, young man; and as I have lived a daring reprobate, caring for neither God nor devil, so I'll not go to turn driveller now, but die like a man."

"Like a brute, rather," Hamilton would have added; but it was evident no words could make an impression on the fallen seaman, whose animal courage prevailed over every faculty of his mind.

"It is useless to contend with you," said the lieutenant, "but you must submit to be carried to the surgeon, whatever may be your future destiny;" and giving orders for his removal, the lieutenant passed on to another part of the ship.

"I cannot resist!" exclaimed the pirate, addressing the master, "or I would not be tamely handled about, like a baby with the measles; yet there was a time when Ned Kinlock would have found a friend in Tom Humphreys,"—the master started,—“especially for so small a favour as to

let him lay down quietly and die. There *is* no hope,—there *can* be no hope,—there *shall* be no hope; and here, with the deck for my bed, and the gun for my pillow,—'tis all I ask, for the sake of lang syne."

"Ned Kinlock!" repeated Humphreys, "the companion of my boyhood! the intimate associate of my youth! Ned Kinlock! is it thus I see one who was so tenderly beloved of his mother,—the pride of a fond and pious father?"

A strong convulsive spasm shook the seaman's frame, and a look of demoniac ferocity settled on his face. "Yes," he replied, "the almost worshipped of his mother!—but what became of her? The cherished idol of his father!—and where is he? Now, by all the fiends of hell! sooner would I die the robber, plunderer, pirate that I am, than be the remorseless tyrant of a wretch who drove them from their home,—that home of social enjoyment which you must well remember! And why?—ay why?—what was the mighty crime? Exercising the right of conscience? But the noble was a man in power; the star upon his breast dazzled the eye, and blinded it to the blackness of the heart that beat beneath it. My father became the victim of persecution,—his cure was taken from him,—poverty pressed hard, and he perished in a jail, whose stone walls were less obdurate

than the flinty mind of his cruel persecutor. My mother's life was bound up in her husband's,—they could not be divided,—her heart was broken, and when I returned from my first voyage, I found my home a desolation,—myself an orphan and an outcast, and upon the green turf that was spread upon their grave,—the grave of the authors of my being,—I knelt down and swore to be revenged. Ha! ha! Revenge, Tom! revenge! and I have had it,—ay, to my heart's content!” and the wretched man sank back exhausted. Humphreys motioned to the men to lift him up; but he was instantly aware of their intention, and rallying his strength, uttered,—“No, no, brother; for the sake of them that are gone let me remain where I am. My glass is nearly out, and I wish you to hear my tale to the end.”

“I have heard something of it already, Ned,” rejoined Humphreys; “and I think I have some influence with Captain Pearce that might be serviceable to you, if you would but consent to let the doctor try his skill.”

“Tush! nonsense, brother!” returned the other impatiently. “Look at the blood upon this hand—against a royal cruiser, too, and me the second in command. No, no; I hate cross-beams and wooden-ladders, and my anchor is coming home, Tom, and I would not, cannot quit the world with-

out finishing the narrative of my wrongs,—wrongs that have made me what I am. Will you hear me?”

“Indeed, indeed, Ned! it grieves my heart to see you thus,” said the kind old man. “I will not think of what you are, but what you were when we were boys and shared each other’s pastimes. I will think of you as the generous lad who risked his own existence to snatch a fellow-creature from destruction—”

“Ah, there you touch me close,” replied the pirate, a spasmodic tremor shaking his whole frame. “I saved him from drowning, rescued him from death, and I became his murderer! Yes, Tom,” —raising his voice and striking his remaining hand on the deck,—“his murderer! and I glory in the deed!”

The master gave his old companion a look of revolting horror. “How! what can you mean? Murder the son of your father’s benefactor? What damnable deed was that?”

“My father’s benefactor, as you call him, died,” replied the man in a more quiet and subdued tone; “and that son was the ungrateful, remorseless wretch who sacrificed my parents. Destitute, unfriended, maddened, I went to the villain, and saw him in the midst of his sycophants and menials, revelling in wealth and splendour. I asked him

for my father; I demanded the restoration of my mother. Like a demented fool I did this when they were rotten in their sepulchre. His varlets seized me, and then their *gallant* lord struck me with his heavy riding-whip. I was beaten with staves and thrust from his house, bleeding and desperate. From that moment my nature was changed. I became a fox in cunning, a wolf in ferocity; chains and a dungeon could not tame me; my strength increased even upon bread and water; blows did but add to my savage fierceness, and they sent me on board a man-of-war. The British bunting waved above my head; yet, though hating my country, loathing all mankind, I did not flinch from my gun in action. I was ever in the hottest of the fight when boarding, for I longed to meet the end of my misery. I was commended for my bravery, but still I was a mark'd man. My messmates shunn'd me as they would the hyena; the officers gave me degrading duties, because they hated me; and at length I was brought to the gangway for an offence I never committed. It was in vain that I protested my innocence; my back was lacerated; the cats bit deep into my flesh —they licked my very blood! Humphreys, I have never forgotten—never forgiven it! and if a curse from the tongue of a dying man can fall with heavier vengeance on my persecutors, they shall

have it! ay, they shall have it! A little water, brother! Shipmate, a panikin of water! My throat is parched! my lips are burning!"

Old Humphreys looked with sorrow and compassion on the friend of his early days, and even a tear stood trembling in the veteran's eye. He directed a seaman to bring some water, which the expiring man eagerly swallowed, and the master again requested that he would suffer himself to be removed. "No, no," he faintly exclaimed, "the tide of existence is ebbing fast; nothing can save me, nor would I wish it. Yet I hope my strength will hold out till I finish my story. Do not interrupt me. I know I am detaining you from other duties, yet you will not regret soothing the last moments of poor Ned. Where was I? at the punishment—at the flogging. Well, on the first opportunity I deserted, and joined a smuggling craft, but I lived on contemplated revenge,—it was the food on which my hungry soul feasted, and it was not long before I enjoyed the banquet to the full. The originator of all my miseries fell by my hand, for our jovial fellows came athwart his hawse when running a cargo; he had brought his myrmidons to take us all, but he made a Scotch prize, and he quitted the world, knowing me as his destroyer. Oh, with what fiendish delight I stood over my victim! and even now the recollection

fills me with unutterable pleasure!" Humphreys shuddered. "We escaped capture; and, soon afterwards I became a rover, and my inextinguishable hate has been vented against British officers. The young man who left us, owes his existence to my remembrance of you."

"But how came you to be at Sanctos, and now in this ship?" inquired the master.

"It is too long a yarn to spin," returned the other; "my cable is up and down,"—he spread out his remaining hand, and tried to raise his shattered arm,—"I'm adrift on a sea of blood! Humphreys, you are going from me. Hark! there's the signal to engage! Hoist the skull and cross-bones!" He then endeavoured to sing

"Oh, give to me the rover's life,  
The black flag waving free;  
The well stow'd ship, the bloody knife,  
And we're masters of the sea."

"No quarter, lads; dead men chew no tobacco, and tell no tales! Hurrah! point your guns well! Tom!—Tom Humphreys! hold on a little longer; take another turn round my heart, brother. I'm outward bound; hurrah! I've had my revenge!" He struck out with his hand, as if grasping some deadly weapon, and added, "I'll have it again—

again I'll have it! there!—there!” and he fell back insensible.

Humphreys no longer hesitated in removing him, and the ships having separated, he was put into one of the first boats that came alongside, and conveyed to the corvette. The chief of the pirates was also removed, and Captain Pearce gave directions that he should be placed in his own cabin, and receive prompt assistance. The unhappy man remained inanimate; he was conveyed from ship to ship, his face covered over and concealed by orders of the commander of the Warlock, and he was deposited on the captain's couch. The surgeon entered nearly at the same moment with the gallant Pearce; he drew aside the covering from the features of the wounded man—started back with amazement—stared wildly at his officer and then at the pirate, whilst Captain Pearce stood calmly looking on.

“ You will use your best exertions, Mr. Sims,” said the commander of the corvette, in a slow and solemn tone, “ to save this man! Life, doctor, from its commencement to its termination, is full of mystery, and it is permitted but to few minds to dive into its depths. I have made it my study, and visions of the past and shadows of the future have been present to my sight; yet there is a mystery here that foils my best perceptions. It must,

however, be fathomed; and this man may, if spared, aid us in the search. You perceive the likeness, doctor, even in *his* state!"

"I do indeed, sir," replied the surgeon, alternately looking from one to the other; "the resemblance in every feature is most wonderful; there is even the mole upon the cheek."

"I am induced to believe," rejoined the captain, advancing to the couch and removing the gold chain from round his neck, "I am induced to believe there is another surprise in store for me. Look at these links, and compare them with those that are there hanging shattered and broken; they are exact counterparts of each other. There is something attached to mine, which I will now show you." He pulled from his breast the small case that hung suspended from the chain, which being opened, displayed the miniature portrait of a beautiful female, apparently about twenty years of age. It was gorgeously set, and the surgeon stood intently gazing upon it. "Now, doctor, have the goodness to withdraw whatever may be connected with the chain from the breast of this man." The person addressed immediately complied, and drew forth a case nearly similar to the one in possession of his commander. It was unfolded, and the same lovely features, evidently by the same artist, and set in a precisely similar

manner, was presented to their sight. Both stood silent, the captain looking eagerly at the two portraits of the same individual, and the surgeon waiting in expectation of farther explanations. In a few minutes Captain Pearce restored the case to the breast of the inanimate pirate, and then replacing his own, uttered in an under tone, "Doctor, as a personal favour I request that this circumstance may remain a secret between us. Do all you can for your patient: this mystery must be unravelled, and I shall trust alike to your friendship and your skill." He then quitted the cabin, and hastened to the quarter-deck, where every one was engaged in repairing damages and removing the prisoners.

"Och! Darby," said Dexter, as the midshipman approached him with his arm in a sling, from a severe contusion given by a spent shot, "och! Darby, my boy! is it yourself that's awake? By the powers, I hardly thought the rap you got would have opened your daylights, though it shook you from stem to stern."

"You're always at me, Dexter, because I like to take my natural rest," complained Allen, with a yawn. "I did my duty, Dexter, as well as you—"

"And that's threue for you, my boy," returned Dexter. "You behaved like an Irishman, and

that's saying every thing in your favour; though, may be, as you often walk the deck in your sleep, you were hard and fast in the action."

"Well, well, Dexter, I hope you'll get your step," said Darby, good-humouredly. "I'm sure you deserve it."

"And, by the powers, it's meself would get it, if you'd only lend me *your arm*, Darby," returned the other. "Och, bother their heads! to think I've got\*never a wound at all to put in the despatches; it's shameful tratement for an officer of my rank; but, mayhap, I can get the doctor—"

"Mr. Dexter, the first-lieutenat says, sir, that you're to get your traps, sir, and go on board the prize," exclaimed a quarter-master, who had just come from ast, "and Mr. M'Creery wishes you to bear a hand about it, sir."

"Och, your soul to glory, Darby!" said Dexter, exultingly, and throwing down a piece of running gear he had just been splicing. "Ay, ay, Johnson, the traps will walk out o' themselves at such an order. But, Darby, would you like to go with me? Oh, wouldn't you sleep like a pig, my hearty, and me prize-master of a fighting craft,—captain, *pro tempore*, for the time being, Darby."

"Mr. Hamilton is going as prize-master, sir,"

interrupted the quarter-master; "and he is getting ready."

"Then there goes my captain's commission," said Dexter. "Never mind, my boy; I shall be first-letenant and second in command, any how, and that's not to be sneezed at." And away he went, delighted at the prospect of present change and future promotion.

The prize crew was put on board the Spaniard. Lieutenant Hamilton took charge of her, with orders to keep close to his superior; and having a foul wind, the yards were braced up on the starboard tack, with the intention of working for Rio Janeiro. It was not long, however, before both ships were hove-to, and the treasure removed into the corvette; it having occurred to Captain Pearce's mind, that the Portuguese authorities would not dare to meddle with it in his own ship.

## CHAPTER X.

“Explain, sir!—Explain!”

NOTHING could exceed Hamilton’s delight at being appointed prize-master of the captured ship, though, separated from Captain Pearce, it prevented his giving and receiving those explanations, which had become so very necessary to his peace of mind. The ex-governor of Sanctos and the beautiful Marietta were with him, but the apprehensions of the daughter for the safety of her parent were agonizing in the extreme. She knew he had broken the laws of his country, and that punishment must follow; but she was wholly ignorant of the extent, either of the crime or of the penalty, and fear magnified every little evil into imminent danger. Their wealth was gone, and with it her father’s honour. Hamilton used every effort that affection could suggest to allay her terrors and to calm her mind; but the only

consolation she experienced, was a conviction that the attachment of the young lieutenant was sincere, and that she might rely implicitly on his good offices.

The prize, as has been already stated, was a frigate-built ship, mounting sixteen six-pounders on her main-deck, eight six-pounders on the quarter deck, two brass nines on the forecastle, and musquetoons on her bulwarks. She had been well fought by the pirates, and her sides evidenced the correct aim taken by the captains of the guns on board the corvette. Her sails were new, and as she travelled well, there had been every chance of her escaping; and Hamilton, whilst looking about him with the eye of a practical seaman, could not but shudder at the probability there had been of his suffering a painful captivity, or undergoing a cruel death.

“Well, Ben,” said the lieutenant to the veteran, as he came aft to the place where he was standing, near the taffrail. “Well, Ben, here we are again, once more safe and snug together; but come, my old boy, let my servant give you a glass of grog, and then you shall overhaul your memory for some account of proceedings since we last parted on the mountain of imps.”

The old man shook his head. “Mountain of imps, indeed, sir! I tould you, Mr. Hamilton,

there was devilry going on up there away; and I think neither you nor I requires stronger proofs of it than we have already had, though there's some people as won't believe, not even so much as the evidence of their own senses." The grog was brought, and the veteran, after saluting his officer, swallowed it at one gulp; then, without farther preface, as if sensible that the lieutenant was anxiously impatient to hear his narrative, he commenced: "When you left me in that land of darkness, where every bush held a nest of hobgoblins, that grinned at a poor fellow like them outlandish figures which Dutchmen stick upon their rudder-heads:—I'm saying, when you left me alone, on what was as good as alone, seeing I misdoubted the flesh-and-blood consistency of my companion as was no company to me, in the regard of his having lost the use of his jawing tackle;—but when you left me alone, I began to calculate the reckoning o' the thing; and thinks I to myself, this here's a decent situation for a man o' my years to be in, especially as I have had no experience on the land, and can scarcely even walk straight or steady on it: And what am I to do with the captain?—for it stuck in my gizzard about its being the captain, and the more by token of that 'ere battle, which I tould you it was my lot once, a long time since, to have with the devil, who,—d—his black muzzle,—

never forgets or forgives an offence; and so, says I, just under my breath for fear any on 'em should hear me,—though I sputtered it in Dutch because they shouldn't understand what I was a-saying, even if they did hear. ‘Donder de bloxam,’ says I; ‘der duyvil take the barksman!’ But I had scarcely uttered the name, when I hears summut a-coming through the bushes; and presently there was a noise of voices muttering together, and it sounded as if it was a sort of death-warning to me. So I tried to muster up my courage, and I called upon the Great Name, whose hand had been my protection in the battle and the storm, and whose ear is ever open to the supplications of distress, and says I—”

“ My worthy old friend,” exclaimed Hamilton, suddenly interrupting him, “ do not spin out your yarn so long. Tell me what became of the man?”

“ You mustn’t throw me slap up into the wind that fashion, Ned—Mr. Hamilton I mean,” remonstrated the tar; “ for unless I steer my own course, and work my own traverse, I soon loses my reckoning.”

“ Well, well, go on your own way, Ben,” returned the lieutenant; “ but I’m very anxious, Ben, very anxious, to have what has taken place explained to me.”

“ No doubt of it, sir,—that’s all but nat’ral,”

assented the old man; "but then you know, Mr. Hamilton, as I tould you many a long day since, that to do a thing well is always the shortest way. But to do it well, it must be done ship-shape; and so, if you please to let me rig my own stick, why mayhap it 'll be the better for both on us." Hamilton nodded his head in token of acquiescence, and the veteran proceeded. "Well, sir, so the murmuring comed nigher and nigher, and at last got close to me; and then I heard 'em convarsing together, and presently one on 'em says, says he, 'There's a panther, or some other hanimal, in the bush there; keep a good look-out, mess-mates.' And the next moment I hears the 'click, click,' from cocking three or four musket-locks, and 'Don't fire,' says I, for I thought it was some of our own people: 'Don't fire,' says I, 'it's only ould Ben!'"—"And, pray, who the d—l is ould Ben?" sings out one o' the party, advancing with his musket all ready for the present; and as soon as he sees me, he says, 'I'm — if it isn't one o' the b—y man-o'-war's men, and—and by — here's the padrone dead before him.' In an instant they seized hould on me, and all four began to ax me at once about the consarn; but says I, 'Whomsoever or whomever you are, if you 'll wait a minute or two till Mr. Hamilton comes back, he'll make every thing as clar as a fog-bank.'—

‘And, pray, who is Mr. Hamilton?’ axed the first on ‘em. ‘He’s my officer,’ says I, ‘and a better seaman never wore a head; for, Lord love your heart, I taught—’

“Well, well, Ben, we know all that,” said Hamilton, laughing; “but do, my good fellow, tell me at once who the men were.”

“Handsomely, handsomely, Ned,—I beg pardon, Mr. Hamilton I mean;—don’t pull your boat so fast,” returned the seaman, rather angrily at again being interrupted. “The men belonged to the Yankee schooner, which was as much about a Yankee as I am a Cherokee. Howsoever, they belonged to the schooner, and being fearful you’d bring down a strong party upon ‘em, they hoists the body upon their shoulders, making me carry my share, and away we makes sail down a zig-zag path; and I’m blessed, Mr. Hamilton, if it didn’t quite constropulate me to think what they were going to be up to with the skipper,—for I firmly believed it was Captain Pearce that you laid upon his beam-ends. And says I, ‘Ship-mates, I suppose you mean to go to our watering-party; and if so be that you do, why then I’m thinking you are on the wrong tack.’—‘D— your watering-party!’ says their spokesman; ‘you want to nab us, I suppose. No, no, we’re going to our own boat.’—‘Well, that’s civil on you, any how,’

says I, 'and Captain Pearce 'll thank you, for he wants the doctor, that's sartin', if his breath don't get jammed in the hawse before we reach the corvette.'—'The corvette?' says the man. 'What! do you take us for fools? We know a trick worth two o' that. He must go on board the schooner.'—'Then I'm d— if he shall,' says I, bringing up like a billy-boy, all standing, for I didn't like the thoughts, Mr. Hamilton—notwithstanding the bit of a hole he'd made in his manners,—I'm saying, I didn't like the thoughts of his being taken away from his own nat'ral ship's company, and says I, 'I'm d— if he shall; he's my commander, and seeing he isn't able to speak for himself, why I considers—' Well, I'm bless'd if they didn't all set up a-laughing at me, and one on 'em gives me a progue with a bayonet in my starn, and that made me think they meant mischief: and the long and the short of it is, Mr. Hamilton, they threatened to do for me, and so I was forced to go along, which I was the more ready to do, as they were detarnined to take the skipper with 'em, and as a nat'ral consequence, I wished to see what they would do with the body. So at last we reaches a little bit of a cove, in which laid what I took to be our white gig."

"Go on, Ben, I know the boat well," said Hamilton.

"And good occasion you have, sir," replied the seaman; "for it was 'the one you were kidnapped in. Well, Mr. Hamilton, away we went through a narrow creek, that had a current like a sluice, and we was soon outside the island, and alongside the schooner; and they took the captain,—who began to revive as we were running through the creek,—they took him to the cabin, and shoves me down forud, where they claps me in the darbies; and one on 'em, civilly enough, brings me some grog, which I didn't like to refuse, and so I axes him how the skipper was getting on, and he tould me ' he was better,—he had been stunned by *the fall*, but was sensible, and fast asleep.' By this time I was up to a bit of gammon, Mr. Hamilton, and so I says nothing about the blow that capsized him; because I remembered an ould saying o' my mother's, that 'a still head makes a wise tongue.' "

"Slue it end-for-end, Ben," said Hamilton, "and then you'll have the right bearing of it; 'a still tongue makes a wise head.' "

"Ah! well, Ned,—I beg pardon, Mr. Hamilton I mean,—it's summut about the same sort o' thing, as I take it," responded the old man; "but howsoever, I didn't say never a word, though they tried to pump it out on me. Well, all that day passed away, and sartinly I'd no reason to com-

plain of my grub, for it was good and plenty on it, and very civil treatment, barring the darbies. You remembers, no doubt, our convarsing a bit, when up that infarnal no-man's-land sort of a mountain, about the schooner and the gold mines; so I pretended to see nothing, but, like the overseer of the niggers, who always slept with one eye shut and the other open, I kept a sharp look out in my mind as to what was going on, and then I soon discovered the craft was a picarooning wagabone, and the men pirates—”

“Yes, yes, Ben, I am aware of the character of the vessel, as you must well know,” said the lieutenant; “but how did you get on with the man you took for Captain Pearce?”

“Why, I was sent for into the cabin,” replied the veteran, “and there laid the skipper on a couch. You'll remember the cabin, Mr. Hamilton, and the bright lamp,”—the lieutenant nodded assent. “Well, there laid the skipper on a couch, with a silk gown on; and it scandalized me to see him rigged out like a female-woman, such as I never had seed him afore; but I makes my civilities in all due course, according to the best fashion of my edecation, but the strong blaze dazzled my eyes, and I felt somehow quite aback. Still I'd been used to so much bedevilment, that I roused myself and looked round, and there I

was alone with the—I was going to say devil, Mr. Hamilton, but you know who I mean. Well, the skipper,—for I still took him for the skipper,—that is, for Davy Jones, in his build and trim, he axes me how we came upon him up ayont there, and what had become of you, and a goodish number of other questions, which I answered as sparingly as possible, not willing to overhaul too much, nor hould on by too short a scope; but I made bould to ax him whether he would let me return to my duty in the corvette, and says he, ‘Never! you are here for life and death, my man, and I’m only sorry your officer arn’t with you. You desarve the yard-rope for what you’ve done to me; but in marcy I will spare you, though if you breathe but one word of what happened last night,—mind, ounly one word,—I’ll hang you like a dog.’—‘Many thanks, your honour,’ says I, ‘but I knows too well where I am, to give my tongue a roving commission; yet how your honour comes to be here, strikes me into a bit of bewilderment.’ So he looks sternly at me,—‘Mind your own business, Ben,’ says he. And when he called me Ben, I up and snaps my finger, and says I, ‘Satan, I defy you,’ for I made sure I’d found him out; and his eyes flashed like two burning coals, and I thought I heard a rustling abaft him as if he was uncoiling his tail, and

I'm blessed if I didn't make a bolt at the door; but the moment it was opened, there stood a couple of demons as black as the ace o' spades, with tormentors in one hand, and great wax lights in the other as big as them at the viceroy's chapel; and so I jumps back again, and catches hould of a cutlash from the bulk-head, and 'Sheer off, you bitches' babies,' says I, 'or I'm d—if I don't board you!' ”

Hamilton laughed heartily, for he well remembered the two negroes, "Pluto" and "Sam," and had no doubt that the whole had been got up to terrify his old friend Transom. "Well behaved, Ben," said the lieutenant, excited with the narrative. "Well behaved, old boy; so you show'd them a bit of bright steel, eh?"

"Indeed and I did, Mr. Hamilton," replied the seaman, "and would have given 'em a taste on it too, if they'd dared to show fight! But I found they were ounly a couple of poor ignoramuses o' niggers, and so I dropped the cutlash, and then I was sent away to confinement again. I saw no more o' the skipper till the night you were brought on board; but it was after you had gone ashore with him—"

"You knew I was on board, then?" said the lieutenant.

"Yes, Mr. Hamilton," answered the tar, "one

o' the men tould me all about it, and your mistaking the schooner's boat for the Warlock's white gig; but they were so much alike, that one look'd the ghost of the other. Well, that night, after the padrone, as they call him, had taken you ashore—"

"There you mistake, Ben," interrupted the lieutenant, "it was Captain Pearce himself, aware of the striking likeness between them, who ventured his life to rescue me, and happily succeeded."

"Ay, ay, Mr. Hamilton," returned the veteran, "I've had a little palaver with the skipper just afore I came away to the prize, and he tould me a thing or two. Well, after you was gone that night, or rather morning, the padrone came aboard with the Portyghee governor and that beautiful young lady, and I knew her directly I set eyes upon her, which howsomever wasn't till after we got out to sea; and then they give me my choice, either to walk the plank,\* or to join their crew. So I axed an hour to deliberate, which was allowed me, and I turns the matter over in my mind, and slues it all manner o' ways, and at last I deter-

\* Walking the plank is a very summary mode of dealing with refractory persons. A plank is placed over the ship's side, one end projecting and the other resting on board, without being at all secured; the individual is compelled by threatened, and sometimes frequently applied, torture, to walk out upon this plank till it overbalances, and away he goes overboard.

mines to die, rather than disgrace myself; so I went ast to tell the padrone, and there I saw the pretty lass, and, as I said before, I knew her again directly, and the sights of her quite conflagrated me, so that my intentions got hove up into irons, and I didn't know which way to tend, like a Yankee schooner jammed betwixt two winds. However, a change came over my mind, and I determined to live, and try to save the lady, for your sake, Mr. Hamilton."

"God bless you, Ben, for that!" said the lieutenant. "It is like your generous spirit, my old friend."

"Mayhap so, mayhap so, Mr. Hamilton," returned the seaman; "howsomever, it went hard against my conscience to turn pirate, and so to see what they'd say, I tould the padrone I was ready for a lanch, 'for,' says I, 'death before dishonour;' and then there was a rattling o' blunderbusses, and an order for me to walk forud. But the sailing-master—him as had been shipmate some time or other with Mr. Humphreys—says, 'It's a pity, too, that such a bit of good stuff should be expended like mere shakings. Come, my man, what's in a service, or the name of a service, as long as you do your duty by your owners, and get your wages when they're due; and as for a bit of a skirmmage now and then, why shouldn't you take to fighting

upon occasion for y<sup>r</sup>self, as well as for another? Never quarrel with your grub for the sake o' the colour of the buntin; and for a tar to slip his wind altogether, because he can't have what he likes, is downright childish. Now, at your time o' life, you ought to be summut reasonable, and have larned to splice an eye in the bight of a rope. If you gives in when you gets to the plank—' 'Take him forud,' shouted the padrone, in a thundering voice. 'Avast a bit, if you please,' says the sailing master; 'it aint often nature plays me the freak of feeling compassion, but I do hate to see a thorough tar go out o' the world like one o' your know-nothings. A seaman arn't to be made in a mere breath, and therefore oughtn't to be destroyed in the wink of a blind eye. I was saying, my man, if you gives in when you gets to the plank, there's many will say it is from fear of death, and they'll chalk it down again you. Now, I think your'e brave, and I don't want to see you die, or thought ill of if you should come to be my shipmate; so consent with a good grace, and ha' done with it.' Well, at last, Mr. Hamilton, I suffers myself to be persuaded, and I was sworn in one of their murderous crew. Not but I knew I could do but little in an honest way for the lady, but still, nevertheless, thinks I, 'a living man is better than a dead lion;' and I made sartin the corvette would come

in chase directly she could cross the bar. The second night, about two bells in the middle watch, we made out a large ship running away free, and coming down across our fore-foot, and every one made sure it was the Warlock. So the canvass was taken in and every thing roll'd up snug to leave nothing but the masts of the schooner visible, under the hope that you would pass by without seeing us; though I, who knew the good look-out that was kept in the barky, felt convineed that not even a gull's wing topping a sea would escape notice, and so I pleased my self with the idea of soon swinging in my own hammock again. But as the ship neared us, we make out it was not the corvette, and the padrone with his night-glass declared 't was the Spaniard they had left taking in freight at Monte Video for the ould country, and he determined at once to have a slap at her. Preparations were made for going into action; the cloth was spread in an instant, and as he was by this time pretty close to us, we were soon within hail; but he took no notice, and hold on his course, nor did he find out that he'd such a *loving* neighbour till we boarded him on the quarter, and in less than ten minutes he was ours. It was a prettily managed thing, Mr. Hamilton; for the crafts scarcely kiss'd each other—as you may see, if you look over the larboard gallery—and the men were

over them bulwarks like lightning, and spread over the decks, cutting up and knocking down as if they'd been killing bullocks. As soon as the prisoners were secured, the padrone gives orders to clear the schooner. The boats went to work; the beautiful creatur was dismantled; the gold and walubables taken out; and then her bottom was skuttled. The prisoners were put into her, except two or three who volunteer'd, and leaving her in a sinking state, we made all sail away. It was a cruel thing, Mr. Hamilton, as I understand they all perished."

"They did so, Ben," replied the lieutenant; "and the wretches who perpetrated so detestable an act, will now have to answer for it. That padrone, as you call him, is a black-hearted villain."

"He made a jest of their misery, Mr. Hamilton, and scoff'd at their supplicationing for marcy," returned old Ben, shaking his head; "but howsoever, he sent 'em a priest to make their confessions to—a paddyree that came aboard with the ould governor—"

"Ha!" ejaculated Hamilton, who now remembered that Father Jerome had been of the party on the night himself and Captain Pearce had met them on the island, and that he had not seen him

since the capture had taken place; "and what became of him, old man?"

"He went down, I suppose, with the rest, sir," replied the seaman; "for the padrone said, 'Father Jeremy would fit 'em out for heaven, and pilot 'em in arterwards;' and so he shared their coffin and their grave."

"It is horrible, Ben! very horrible!" exclaimed the officer, shuddering. "I owed the priest a grudge, but the sacrifice of life—of a friend, too! That fellow must be saved to grace the highest gallows that can be found! But Ben,—" and Hamilton hesitated, "I say, Ben, how did he treat—" again he paused. "Had you any opportunities of seeing how he treated the young lady?"

"Not many, sir," returned the veteran; "but I don't know much about it, for we were too busy forud and aloft, lightening the gear and getting the long poles up. She looks a little different now, Mr. Hamilton, to what she did when we first had her."

"Yes—yes, she looks frightened and harassed," said the lieutenant, his thoughts running on Marietta, and consequently mistaking the meaning of his humble companion; "but yet she is lovely—very lovely."

Ben stared at his officer, not at first compre-

hending his expressions; put at length catching his ideas, he uttered, "Just as I thought, Ned,— I beg pardon, Mr. Hamilton I mean; the lass has got taut hold o' your heart's gear, and no doubt you'll carry on through rough and smooth to serve her."

"She saved my life, Ben! administered to my wants when, probably, I should have perished," argued Hamilton, with some warmth.

"Then God bless her for it!" exclaimed the tar; "and you know Mr. Hamilton, there's one who won't flinch in your service, if so be as he should be wanted."

"I'm sensible of it, Ben," said the officer; "but you must remember we are both under the pennant, and bound to obey orders; not but I think that Captain Pearce will act nobly, and I'm the more satisfied of it, by his sending me in with the ship, and not removing the lady and her father. The likeness between him and the pirate-chief is certainly most remarkable; I should like to know the history of both. If they were dressed alike, it would be impossible to know one from the other.

"Ay, ay, sir; they are as like as two sister-blocks in person," assented Transom; "but in the kind and generous feelings of the heart, they are

as opposite as the two ends of a ship. Howsomer, Mr. Hamilton, he's laid in a pretty cargo of gould for us."

"I suspect it will be a job for the lawyers, Ben," said the lieutenant: "and rely upon it, if once *they* get their grapplings on it, they 'll not let go in a hurry."

"Is it the land-sharks you're spaking about, Mr. Hamilton?" inquired Dexter, who had approached and overheard the lieutenant's observation; "by the powers, but they're all jaw, and small blame to 'em for not being troubled by conscience. But I've come to report to you, Mr. Hamilton, that we've found a bit of live lumber stowed away down in the hold. The boys were digging for daylight, and they got hold of night; and here he comes, sir, throwing darkness all around him, like a sweep shaking his soot-bag. Lift up your sable countenance, Mr. Snowball."

Two men advanced, leading an aged negro, whom Hamilton immediately recognised as his old acquaintance, Diego; and the latter, full of trembling alarm, no sooner saw the face of the lieutenant, than, chuckling with delight, he exclaimed, "Da handsome debble come again! Ky, Massa Bumbleton, he neber see poor nigger get sum sum. Da young missy peak one littly word for

me. No Farder Jerram, now!" and the black shuddered.

"Release him, my men," ordered Hamilton; and the negro was immediately liberated. "Diego, I am rejoiced to see you safe. A drop of sweet cream, old boy, or un petit tasse d'eau-de-vie, eh?"

"Golly! massa peak ebry ting good to poor nigger," responded he. "Littly drop eau d'vie, for make him belly quiet, you please. Ah, Massa Bumbleton, where da young missy?" He shook his head and added, mournfully, "Diego nebar see young missy again!"

"But you shall, my faithful fellow," said Hamilton, "and presently, too, for she is down in the cabin there, with Don José."

"In da cabin, dere? In a massa's cabin?" reiterated the black, inquiringly, his eye brightening up with pleasure, and his features assuming a look of laughing delight; "den me see 'em once more! Gor Amighty bless Massa Bumbleton! Ky! me happy for true," and, snapping his fingers, he danced about the deck, to the great mirth of Dexter, who immediately claimed him as a countryman, and pretended to be much alarmed that Irishmen should change colour. Diego swallowed the brandy that was brought him, and, indeed, the poor fellow required something exhilarating,

for he was nearly suffocated when the men, in searching the hold, discovered him. The lieutenant took the aged negro to his young mistress, and their meeting was an extremely affecting one; for Diego had fondled and nursed the beautiful girl from her infancy, scarcely ever quitting her, and she was, consequently, much attached to him. His old master, too, was gratified to see him, for the countenance of the most humble friend is always welcome in adversity. Hamilton, too, was pleased with Diego's presence, as he would, by his translations, enable the lieutenant to hold converse with Marietta. Nor was he long before he availed himself of this advantage; and they obtained information that explained away many things which had seemed strange and mysterious.

On went the gallant little Wizard of the Sea, and closely following in her wake came the prize she had so nobly won. The breeze had veered round in their favour, and they were steering a direct course for Rio Janeiro. The pirate-chief had revived to consciousness, and Captain Pearce had resigned his own state-room to his use, allowing no one but the surgeon and his own particular servant to visit the prisoner.

Almost from his first arrival at Santos, the commander of the Warlock had been aware of the intentions of Don José, and might at once

have seized the schooner, could he have managed so as to get near her; but the cautious watch that was ever kept on board of her, and her constant state of readiness to be off, rendered the capture extremely problematical; and at the same time Captain Pearce, knowing well that she would receive a good freight of gold, saw no reason why he should not suffer his contemplated prize to become as valuable as possible. He was not rich himself; and though he would not have entertained the thought for one moment of sacrificing his duty to avarice, yet he deemed it necessary, as a state concern, to let the plot thicken, and to catch the whole gang at once. He had also been informed of the strong resemblance between himself and the pirate-chief; but it was not till that night on which M'Creery was so unexpectedly missing, that he had an opportunity of beholding this daring leader,—the padrone, who had long been a terror in the southern ocean. Whilst sitting in the gun-room, as before related, M'Creery had caught sight of the captain's face, as he was looking steadily at him down the skylight. He immediately ascended to the deck; a grasp by the arm, and the whisper of "Silence," rendered their movements unobserved, for the sentries were purposely enticed forward with the quarter-master, and the midshipman had for a moment gone be-

low. The captain and his first-lieutenant descended the stern-ladder into a canoe, which the former had himself paddled to that spot, and dropping away with the current, were soon out of sight.

On landing upon the banks of the river, a little below the town, the canoe was secured, and Captain Pearce conducted M'Creery to his lodgings, where disguises had been provided for them; and attended by a Portuguese in the secret, they sallied forth towards the governor's house, which having approached, they remained at a distance convenient to avoid detection. It was about nine o'clock, when a man arrayed in black velvet, passed their place of concealment, and the attendant instantly pointed him out as the individual they wished to see. But the night was too dark to make out his features, even if his face had not been closely enveloped in his short cloak; and though they followed his footsteps as far as it was prudent, yet no favourable opportunity occurred to enable them to identify his countenance. His stay at the government-house was not of any long duration, and on his re-appearance at the entrance-hall, the trio were again on the alert; but the man, as if aware that speculative eyes were upon him, folded his mantle and pulled his Spanish hat over his face, so as to defy the keenest scrutiny. After carefully

looking about him, he passed up the street, and was followed by the confederates, who at length tracked him to a small creek above the town, where he embarked in a canoe, which immediately pushed out into the river and was soon lost to view.

Foiled in his design of gaining M'Creery's opinion of the resemblance, the captain returned to his lodgings, and the plan was laid for the masked-ball already described. But previous to its taking place, the commander of the Warlock became aware that the padrone had taken advantage of the knowledge he must have possessed relative to the great similitude they bore to each other, to personate him even in his own ship; and he performed his part so well, as to deceive not only the first-lieutenant, but also all who saw him. This occurred on the evening but one previous to the ball, and without informing M'Creery of the deception which had been practised upon him, Captain Pearce determined to excuse his attendance at the entertainment under the plea of illness, but at the same time resolved to be present, so as to watch the other's motions, and, if necessary, declare himself; and he it was who kept an attentive eye upon all the actions of the pirate in the Spanish dress. It is true, he might have seized him at once; but that would have excited alarm, and the schooner

would have got away. At one time he projected the plan of communicating with M'Creery, and secretly despatching the boats to capture the schooner, but he soon became sensible of the chances against success;—the distance was great to the entrance of the river, and he was aware that a single rocket sent up would be instantly answered by others, and the vessel,—the object which he most coveted,—would quit the coast. Captain Pearce had witnessed the return of Hamilton with surprise and pleasure, as he made no doubt that the padrone had been either principally, or in some measure, concerned in his disappearance; the subsequent conduct of the parties confirmed him in the opinion, and urged him to redoubled vigilance. He had narrowly observed what took place on shore, and Hamilton's embarkation in the white gig of the pirate; and he lost no time in arranging his plans to rescue the young officer. He had received information of the schooner having anchored in the cove, and mounting a horse, procured for him by his host, he without hesitation started for the place, accompanied by a negro. Arrived at the cove, the next thing was to look for a canoe, which occupied some considerable time; but at length it was accomplished, and the captain, with his black attendant, pushed from the shore. At a short distance from the

vessel the paddles ceased their motion, and Captain Pearce, with a steady and well-practised eye, scrutinized her position. She was riding by a hawser attached, no doubt, to a stream-anchor, whilst the heavier ones were cock-billed, ready to let go at a moment's warning. Had she been higher up, there would have been much difficulty, in a strong wind, for her to get out; but she had been so judiciously stationed, that she could get to sea with any but one breeze, and that would equally detain the Warlock in the river. That all was readiness for a start was very evident, and the British commander could not contemplate the beautiful craft without those feelings of gratification, which are ever excited in the breast of a seaman at witnessing the approaches to perfection in his profession. The canoe laid motionless for several minutes, whilst Captain Pearce seemed buried in a deep reverie, and the negro, with the listless indifference of his race, closed his eyes to indulge in slumber. A hail from the schooner aroused both, and the response, "Padrone," was immediately given, for the captain was aware that he had been observed from the first moment of his approach. The canoe ran alongside, and it was not without some doubts of the success of his enterprise, which caused a palpitation of heart, that the English commander stood upon the schooner's

deck. There was neither noise nor bustle; every thing seemed to be in the most perfect order; and as he carelessly glanced his eye forward, he saw only three or four men about the forecastle, and he wished for a good boat's crew, as he felt confident she would soon have been his own. A shrill whistle from the second in command, however, speedily undeceived him, for the instant it had sounded, men completely armed, and ready for instantaneous action, appeared to spring out of the very decks, and there they stood motionless and silent. Captain Pearce, though at the first a little startled, rightly conjectured that this was a usual practice at night, to show that all were alert and prompt for duty; and, with his usual quickness of perception, he advanced a step or two forward, exclaimed "It is well, men!" and waving his hand, they disappeared with the same silence and quickness as they had been conjured up. Upon the romantic and enthusiastic mind of the British officer this incident produced the most animating effect, and without a moment's delay he inquired for the prisoner, and was informed of his confinement in the state-room. This intelligence was highly gratifying; and after practising several manœuvres to gain information without exciting suspicion, the visit terminated in Hamilton's liberation. But Captain Pearce, with that love

of mysticism which formed his peculiar characteristic, refrained from entering into any explanations; so that the lieutenant remained in ignorance of the facts, and felt convinced that his commander, though in what way he could not tell, was the cause of all his difficulties. But to return.

At dawn on the second day, they were abreast the lofty peak called the Sugar Loaf, at the entrance of the harbour of Rio Janeiro, where they were compelled to bring up till the sea-breeze made in and the corvette having telegraphed the London, 98, a royal barge soon afterwards put off from the palace-stairs, in which was the young prince Don Pedro, (afterwards Emperor of Brazil, and Liberator of Portugal.) The white standard was in her bows, and gallantly she cleaved the element, till she lay motionless alongside of the corvette. Captain Pearce received his distinguished visiter with the honours due to his rank; but the prince returned his attentions with a degree of hauteur, that was ill brooked by the British commander. The circumstances relative to the capture were, however, narrated to him; and when he understood that the governor, Don José, was a prisoner in the conquered vessel, he very unceremoniously quitted the Warlock, and repaired on board the Spaniard, where, in the most

uncourteous manner, he demanded an interview with the fallen man. Hamilton received the prince with every mark of respect, and conveyed his requests to Don José, through the medium of Diego. The humbled governor ascended to the deck, and certainly his heart-stricken appearance ought to have excited sentiments of pity, but the royal youth upbraided him in abusive language; and when the abject being knelt to implore mercy, Don Pedro struck him a severe blow, that laid the old man prostrate at his feet. Hamilton's blood rushed up to his temples at witnessing such an unnatural and unprovoked assault, a flush of indignation suffused his cheeks, and he instantly sprang to Don José's assistance, and with Dexter's aid raised him to his feet. The prince would have prevented this; but the hardy midshipman, without a moment's hesitation, forcibly pushed him away, exclaiming, "Och, you thafe o' the world! but it's well for you it isn't Paddy Dexter that you're after sarving in that fashion, or, by the powers, I'd be giving you a little Irish pomatum to make your hair black."

Such an indignity to a prince of the blood-royal of Portugal was wholly unexpected on the part of Don Pedro, who instantly drew his sword upon the unarmed midshipman, and made several passes

at him, which the other dexterously parried with his hat, at the same time retreating towards the side, where a wet swab had only a few minutes before been laid down. With the agility of a monkey Dexter snatched it up, and though receiving a slight wound, he sent it slap into the prince's face, so as to prevent him from seeing to do greater mischief; he then wrested the weapon from his hand, which he was about to throw overboard, but was prevented by Hamilton. "Is that a taste o' your education," exclaimed Dexter, "to be pitching your toasting-fork at a defenceless creature like meself? Oh, you cowardly lubber! but if I had you upon sweet Erin go bragh, but I'd be taching you better manners than that, you ugly man's child, to show no respect for gray hairs in adversity!"

The confusion on the deck brought the officer out of the prince's barge, and he was followed by several of the men, who, at first, merely looked on as spectators; but, on Don Pedro ordering them to take possession of the ship and confine the officers, they began to assume a hostile appearance. Hamilton determined to resist such an act of aggression, and shouted for the speaking-trumpet, for the purpose of hailing the corvette. But old Ben set the matter at rest in a more summary

way; for, seeing what was likely to occur, he beckoned three or four of the men to his assistance, who busied themselves with one of the quarter-deck guns, and, as soon as the Portuguese had formed for the attack, it was slued round on the instant, and pointed towards them; whilst Ben, with a look of defiance, stood with the match in his hand, ready to clap it to the priming. Such a spectacle produced immediate results; for the prince and his party were quickly in the boat, and it would have been difficult to say which one amongst them used the most expedition; at all events, they were soon clear of the ship, and Hamilton, shortly afterwards, went on board the corvette to report the occurrence to his commander, who expressed his regret at the affair, but entirely approved of the lieutenant's conduct.

As soon as the sea-breeze set in, both ships got under way, and, after passing the fort of Santa Cruz, brought up a short distance from the island Da Cobra, and Captain Pearce immediately waited on the gallant admiral, to whom he related all that had taken place, and so interested the brave Sir Sidney, that he accompanied him back to the Warlock for the purpose of having an interview with the pirate. The padrone, however, was too feeble to hold converse with any one; but the perfect resemblance excited astonishment and admi-

ration in the admiral's mind, and he hastened ashore to the palace to wait upon the prince-regent. Few men possessed a clearer understanding than Sir Sidney Smith, and he saw at once the necessity of manifesting that becoming spirit, which would check any presumption on the part of the Portuguese court that the navy of England was to be subservient to their command. He found the prince-regent alone, and it was apparent that the son had already prejudiced the mind of his father, who behaved with a cool distance, almost approaching to rudeness. But this, so far from deterring the hero of Acre, actually rendered him more resolute; and therefore, without waiting for any observations from the ruler of the nation, he, in his open, manly way, complained of the conduct of the young prince, and intimated pretty strongly that it *must not* be repeated. A warm altercation took place, but Sir Sidney remained firm; and as a proof of his intentions, he stated his determination to send the Warlock and her prize to England, for the adjudication of the admiralty-court. This staggered Don John, who was extremely desirous of getting the runaway governor of Sanctos into his power; and but for the conduct of Pedro, it is very probable that he would have been surrendered to the laws of Portugal. The prince-regent remonstrated, entreat-

ed, threatened, but Sir Sidney remained firm; there being, as he asserted, so much intricacy in the case, that it required the most minute investigation.

In a few days afterwards, the Warlock, with her prize, was once more under way and running out, when a shot from Santa Cruz battery was thrown across the fore-foot of the corvette, either as a mark of insult, or as a signal to anchor. Captain Pearce, however, stood on, and another shot carried away his flying jib-boom. Shots were also fired at the prize. Sir Sidney Smith had calculated upon something of this sort, and the British squadron had unmoored and hove short. At the first sound of the firing, up went 66 to the admiral's mast-head, and the whole of the ships were soon under a cloud of canvass, running for the passage. Captain Pearce and his conquest pursued their way, but Santa Cruz fired no more.

The joy experienced by Don José, when he found that he was not to be delivered up to the Portuguese government, was great in the extreme, but his captor held out no expectations that this would not ultimately be the case, for he was still amenable to their laws. The sinking of the schooner, the capture of the Spaniard and the murder of her crew, had, however, determined the admiral to send the whole to England. Still the reprieve

from almost immediate death, had he landed at Rio, and the certainty of remaining with his daughter for several months to come, greatly exhilarated the old man's spirits; and the never dying principle,—hope, shadowed forth brighter prospects for the future. Marietta contented herself, because she saw her father more happy, and Hamilton's efforts to sooth and amuse her did not fail to produce their full effects. A fine rattling breeze carried them along at the rate of ten knots an hour; and nothing material occurred, beyond those usual incidents that are constantly happening to the sons of the ocean.

The pirate-chief, though kept a close prisoner, was nevertheless well treated, and the aftermost cabin, next the captain's, appropriated to his use, a sentry remaining constantly at the door. When sufficiently recovered, he was permitted, at certain times, to go on deck, but on no occasion was he allowed to be free from restraint; and he constantly wore the black velvet suit to distinguish him from Captain Pearce, who anxiously longed to obtain a knowledge of his history. This was at last effected, by a mutual recapitulation of past events; and the early portion of their existence was equally as remarkably coincident, as the strong resemblance to each other. But the particulars must be reserved for a separate chapter.

Ned Kinlock, the pirate's second in command, had his arm amputated and his wounds dressed, and some hopes were entertained of his recovery; but the wild impetuosity of his temper defeated all the efforts of the surgeon, and he expired with the same reckless fearlessness in which he had lived. The other prisoners had the free use of their limbs during daylight; but at sunset every one of them was secured, both legs in irons, and so continued during the night, till morning again liberated them.

## CHAPTER XI.

“And ‘Oh, my mother!’ trembled on his tongue.”

“You are, by birth, an Englishman?” said Captain Pearce, in a tone of inquiry, and addressing the pirate-chief, as they stood together abaft the mizen-mast on the quarter-deck, and clear from interruption.

“That is beyond my knowledge,” returned the other; “for I was never made acquainted with the place of my nativity.”

“I should, perhaps, think such a circumstance surprising,” said the captain, musingly, “but it actually happens to be precisely my own case. The details of such a life as yours must be worth listening to.”

“Ay, if they were worth recording,” returned the pirate, cautiously, and evading the implied wish to hear them. “We all have our roughs and smooths,—our gales and calms,—our vices

and our virtues; but I see no use in entering the whole in the log-book for man's inspection or amusement."

"And yet a moral may be gathered even from the most depraved in heart," argued the captain; "and for virtue, example goes farther than precept."

"I have passed a few years in the world," said the pirate, "and I never found the strongest virtue proof against gold. It is impossible to elevate human nature to the altitude of angelic purity."

"I agree with you in the latter observation," assented the captain; "yet a desire to excel, should call forth the noblest efforts of the mind."

"Excel in what?" returned the pirate-chief. "But these metaphysical subjects are not to my taste. Give me those which harmonize with my profession."

"As a scaman or as a freebooter?" inquired Captain Pearce, with some degree of asperity; but instantly checking himself, he added, with more urbanity, "I will suppose the former. As for myself, I believe the waves of the ocean rocked my cradle. I was picked up at sea an infant."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the other. "It is singular that the threads of our existence should be so strangely interwoven, for such, I'm told, was my early introduction to the busy scenes of time."

“It is truly strange,” accorded Captain Pearce, vainly endeavouring to suppress his agitation. “But the miniature you wear,—for I acknowledge that I have seen it,—that miniature, I suppose, is the resemblance of—”

“My mother,” uttered the pirate, with sudden energy, and taking up the speech of his interrogator; who, clasping his hand to his forehead, ejaculated, “My God!” The padrone did not, however, heed the exclamation, but went on: “Do not mistake me. I have nothing but conjecture to rest upon, for my parents, my origin, are alike unknown to me. Yet, when I look upon this face,”—and both simultaneously drew forth the cases, —“when I look upon this face, I love to dwell upon the idea that this is she who bore me.”

“A similar feeling pervades my mind,” said Captain Pearce, holding forth the picture to the view of the surprised pirate, and exciting in him emotions more intimately allied to humanity; “they are portraits of one and the same person, and executed by the same skilful hand; the workmanship of the chains, too, is alike in every particular. May I inquire how you became possessed of yours?”

“There is so much of mystery enveloping our relative situations,” said the padrone, “that I care not if we come to some better knowledge of each

other. Circumstances have already occurred, that would lead vulgar minds to credit tales of magic; and, it must be owned, they are surprising, though nothing but what may be accounted for in the common course of nature."

Captain Pearce fixed his eyes upon the speaker with an intensity of feeling that was painful in the extreme, and the latter, with equal eagerness, gazed upon his counterpart. There seemed to be a rush of thought upon the mind of each, that embraced every hour of their past existence, whilst memory endeavoured to catch at some occurrence or other, on which to hang even a conjecture of affinity; but there was nothing that it could cling to, and they stood looking at one another for several minutes, in the deep silence of abstraction from what was passing around them. At length, Captain Pearce renewed the conversation.

"For myself," said he, "I have nothing to conceal; but there may be events which it would not be prudent for you to disclose, lest I should be hereafter compelled to—to— You understand me?"

"I do," returned the pirate, "though I do not see in what manner you can be forced to give in evidence the substance of a private conversation. But I will not tax your confidence so far. I know my doom, and shall not shrink from it. You, sir,

have only performed your duty; and, believe me, amongst all the wreck of kindlier emotions, gratitude is not wholly lost. Avast! avast! it is too late now to turn croaker.” He laughed in bitterness, as if ashamed at being for one moment betrayed into what he feared might be deemed weakness, and then continued, “No matter, the lighter winds will sometimes sigh as if in sorrow at being shorn of their strength; but it is the same power, when bounding free, that can rend the heavens and lash the waters into raging foam.”

“ Well, well,” said Captain Pearce, pleased at his sudden energy, which assimilated, in a great degree, with his own romantic fervour, “ we will descend to the cabin, and there we shall be less likely to excite attention.”

“ It is two-and-thirty years ago,” commenced the pirate, after they had taken their seats in the cabin; “ it is two-and-thirty years ago that an American slaver, bound from the coast of Africa, when about thirty leagues to the westward of the Cape de Verds, fell in with a small boat, the mast stepp’d, and a tattered sail, half up, half down, hung shivering in the breeze. In the stern sheets was a female, whose colour, features, and long shining hair, proclaimed her to be a native of Hindoston. She was not dead, but in a state of exhaustion, evidently from the want of food, al-

though the remnant of a biscuit was in her hand, partly soaked in a little fresh water, which it was conjectured she was about to give to a young infant that was crying by her side. That infant was myself."

"In what month, and on what day of the week, did this happen?" inquired Captain Pearce, manifesting the deepest interest in the narrative.

"Of course," returned the pirate, "upon these particulars I can be but parrot-tongued, and repeat what I have learned from others. It was on Sunday, the twenty-third of August —."

The commander of the Warlock vainly endeavoured to suppress his agitation, when his prisoner gave the precise date of the occurrence. "It was near that time," said he, "that something similar occurred to myself; but it was considerably more to the eastward, and several days earlier. But proceed, and let me beg of you not to omit one incident that is calculated to throw any light upon the subject."

"You may rely upon me," returned the pirate chief, nearly as agitated as his captor, but keeping his feelings under better control; "I will omit nothing of the smallest importance, as, believe me, I feel equally interested with yourself in the development. Something tells me we are allied by the strong ties of fraternity." The padrone watched

the countenance of his companion as he uttered this, but there was no outward manifestation, beyond a sudden suffusion on the cheeks, and a slight look of mortified pride. "At all events," he continued, "I've told you the mode of my being discovered, like a weed tossed upon the ocean. The female never spoke, and expired shortly after she was removed to the ship."

"But the picture—the miniature," exclaimed Captain Pearce; "how came you by that?"

"It was suspended round my neck," replied the person addressed, "and the captain of the slaver, who took me under his protection, preserved it for me, indulging the hope that it might lead to future discovery. To be sure, there was a mixture of benevolence and self-interest in this; but after all, notwithstanding his calling, he was a kind-hearted man, and his treatment of me was like a parent, for as I grew up he gave me education, and then took me with him to sea. Every inquiry that could possibly be made was made, whether there had been any wreck at the Cape de Verds, but nothing could be ascertained, nor have I to this hour been enabled to learn more. From the appearance of the boat, it was conjectured that it had drifted away from one of the islands; but our dresses were decidedly English, and part of a book in that language was found in the boat.

Thus, sir, you have my early history, which is all that you can require."

"Curiosity would ask for more," rejoined Captain Pearce; "but I would not have it gratified for its mere sake. I thank you for your confidence thus far. Indeed, it had become, in a great measure, absolutely requisite to both; for you will perceive, in what I am about to say, that there is a mysterious link connecting us together, and possibly, as you have observed, by the bonds of kindred. It was on the sixteenth of August, exactly one week previous to the period you have mentioned, that a Dutch frigate, having run the gauntlet through the British cruisers, was to the eastward of St. Jago, making the best of her way to the Cape, when she chased a small sloop, which, not bringing-to as soon as required, a shot was fired, very wantonly, right into her. She immediately came to the wind, with her weather fore-sheet up, and hoisted Portuguese colours; in fact, she was a sort of trader between the Cape Verds and the coast. On boarding her, it was found that the unlucky shot had killed the master, the only white man in her, all the rest being black fellows, from whom very little information could be obtained. They stated, that they had left Mayo a day or two before; and shortly after quitting port, a large ship had stopped her, and put on board several

men, with a black nurse and two infant children," —the pirate drew a long quivering breath, like a person plunging into cold water. "As soon as the ship was out of sight, the men seized the sloop's boat; and, though they had determined to leave the woman and children behind, yet, when they were shoving off, the nurse, grasping one infant in her arms, sprang over the side into the stern-sheets, and she went with them, leaving the other infant, myself, with the Portuguese. The sloop was well overhauled for provisions; and, secreted in one of the lockers of the cabin, the gold chain and miniature were discovered, which the negroes, on being questioned, acknowledged had been taken from round my neck; they also declared, that the men who took the boat away were Englishmen, who had been turned adrift to get rid of them, and that they had hoisted their sail to run for one of the islands. After a strict examination, the craft was suffered to proceed, but I was taken on board the frigate, which arrived in safety at the place of her destination, and returned to Holland again, unmolested. As soon as I could walk, I was suffered to roll and tumble about the decks, as a young puppy would; and as I gained strength, though well fed, I was in all other respects totally neglected, with scarcely a rag to cover me. I was not eight years of age when peace was pro-

claimed; and one of the seamen of the frigate, who had shown me more kindness than any one else, and from whom I had heard the particulars I have now related, proposed taking me to England, to seek for my connexions; and, by his representations, I obtained the only property in the world I could call my own, namely the locket and chain. I accompanied my protecter across from the Texel to Yarmouth; and after many fruitless inquiries, we shipped into the British navy, and I have attained my present rank. Poor Vanderselt was shipmate with me when he died. This is all that is at present necessary for you to know; but still," added Captain Pearce, rising from his seat with considerable emotion, and hastily pacing the cabin, "still there is sufficient to make me dread that I have a twin-brother for my prisoner, and a brother whose life will be forfeited to the law of nations."

From this period there was more of intercourse between the two; and Captain Pearce at length drew from the padrone the whole history of his life, which had been one of hardship, suffering, cruelty, and crime. At Santos, the place of his retreat, was the spot where Hamilton and old Ben had stopped on the mountain; and he had contrived to collect a considerable quantity of gold, which was concealed in a recess that escaped Ha-

milton's research. He had seen Donna Marietta, without knowing that she was the governor's daughter and to be the companion of his voyage, and he determined upon carrying her off that night. Nothing could exceed his surprise to meet with the beautiful girl at the masquerade, and to find that Don José was her father. Marietta was not aware that the same night had been fixed upon for their departure; but it had been so arranged, under the expectation that no suspicion of treachery would be excited after the friendly intercourse of the day. Captain Pearce, however, had watched every motion; and, in his anxiety to rescue Hamilton, the party escaped.

After a delightful passage of two months, in which the commander of the Warlock had effected a great change in the mind of the padrone, both ships arrived without casualty in the British Channel, and moored at Spithead; but in a few days afterwards the prize was ordered up the river Thames, and the whole of the pirates were conveyed in her, from whence they were sent to Newgate. Captain Pearce (who had come up from Portsmouth to London) now renewed his inquiries relative to their probable consanguinity; and believing the pirate to be his brother, he endeavoured to procure for him many comforts, which, but for his interference, would have been

denied; and he likewise retained the best and most acute counsel in the kingdom, to conduct his defence when brought up for trial. Indeed, though loathing his crimes and lamenting his supposed relationship, he nevertheless omitted no one thing that offered the remotest chance of saving him. Still he did all this without entertaining the slightest hope of success, for the cold-blooded murder of the Spaniards in the schooner would admit of no palliation whatever.

The remarkable resemblance between the pirate-chief and the British officer grew to be generally known, and some incorrect accounts having got into the public papers, Captain Pearce became an object of great interest,—the circumstance forming the theme of conversation in almost every company. He was presented at court, invited to the dinners of the nobility, the East India Company gave him a handsome sword, and he bade fair to be the lion of the fashionable season.

Don José was in some respects considered a state-prisoner; but no farther restraint was put upon him than being under the close surveillance of the police, one of the body being in constant attendance upon him. Marietta still continued to enjoy the society of Hamilton; and Captain Pearce, commiserating her situation, treated her with great attention and kindness. As connected with the

affair of the pirates, the Don and his daughter were much sought after; but they declined appearing in public, and confined themselves to a select few, whose friendship was unaffected by worldly purposes.

One morning, Captain Pearce was sitting in his room at the hotel, when Hamilton was announced and immediately admitted, "I have good news for you, sir," exclaimed the lieutenant on entering the doorway. "Old Transom has been to visit some former shipmates at Greenwich, and he has discovered a man, who I have no doubt is enabled to give you very important information relative to your infancy—"

"Indeed!" said Captain Pearce. "Why, then, did you not bring them with you?"

"They are here, sir," replied the lieutenant, "waiting your orders; but I thought it would be best to apprise you first."

"It was considerate of you, Hamilton," returned his commander; "but let them be admitted immediately."

In a few minutes our old friend, Ben, was ushered into the room by his officer, and accompanied by a gray-headed naval pensioner, who, removing his triangular truck from his head, put up his hand to a lock of hair on his forehead, which he pulled in the true style of a nautical salute;

whilst Ben, with more freedom, but not less respect, expressed "a hope that his honour was well."

"Quite hearty, old man," returned the captain, endeavouring to assume composure. "But who have we here, Ben?"

"It's an ould shipmate o' mine, your honour," answered the seaman; and pushing the pensioner to advance, "Stand forud, Jem, and speak to the captain. Ay, and we were more than shipmates, sir,—we were messmates together in the ould Valiant, 74, at the taking of Havannah. Keppel had his broad pennant aboard of her, and Adam Duncan was captain. Well, here's Jem, your honour, has got summut to overhaul to you; for seeing as I knew a little of your history, and the history of the paddyrone that's hard and fast in the stone jug, I got talking of the matter to my ould messmate here. He's a pensioner, sir, down at Grinage; and I ax'd Mr. Hamilton's leave to go and see him; and so I got talking to him about the 'zemblance betwixt you, and other consarns, and says he, 'I'm d—, Ben,—' But there, Jem, tell the captain yourself."

"Why, yes, sir," said the pensioner, taking up the broken thread of old Ben's account; "why, yes, sir, we were messmates together in the Valiant,

74, and I serv'd with Duncan many years arter-wards—”

“ What ship were you in about 1775?” inquired the captain, rather hastily.

“ Why, that's it I'm come about, sir,” replied the pensioner; “ for Ben here got paying out a goodish scope of palaver, in the regard o' the matter of a couple of babbies and a Portyghee sloop off the Cape Verds; for it was all in the course o' natur to spin a bit of a yarn about 'the Warlock and her prize; and that began it, sir. And says I, ' Ben, what sort o' babbies were they?' But he couldn't tell me, sir, in regard he had never seen 'em; so says I again, ' Then I'll tell you, Ben: they were two pretty boys, and they had one o' them there tea-pot ladies for a nurse. They were twins, Ben, and their mother was the beautifullest woman I ever set my eyes on. I shall never forget her as long as I live.' ”

Captain Pearce arose greatly agitated, and putting the miniature into the veteran's hand, he exclaimed, “ Look at that, old man!”

The person addressed fumbled in his pockets for his spectacles, which having found and adjusted, he proceeded to examine the portrait; but the figure in his mind's eye did not accord with that upon the ivory, and after carefully surveying the features, he returned it.

"Ah, sir," said he, hesitatingly, "it is many, very many years, ago, and my eyes are dim now. And yet it looks the moral o' the lady; though I should know it better if I could see it smile."

The captain had fixed his keen gaze on the pensioner, and almost withheld his breath during the inspection of the picture; and when it was returned, he put it up and inquired, "Where was it that you saw the mother of the twins?"

"'Twas in a small East Ingeeman, sir," returned the veteran; "and if you will allow me, sir, I'll tell you all about it."

"Sit down, then, my man," said the captain, striving to conquer his feelings; "I'm deeply interested in this affair,—sit down," and he handed him a chair.

"God bless your honour,—no, thankee, sir," responded the pensioner awkwardly bowing, "I'd rather stand, if you please; for if I gets moored, my ideas may get a round turn in the hawse, but at single anchor, if I should break shear, at all events I've a good sweep to keep from fouling—"

"Have your own way, old man," said the captain; "but do not keep me long in suspense."

"No, sir, that warn't her name,—it warn't the Spense, but the Amelia," returned the pensioner. "She was a small ship, and had a draft o' seaman for the squadron under Sir Edward Hughes, and

there was several passengers; and among the rest, a lady with twin children and a black nurse, and three or four white serving maids, and they had the big cabin to themselves."

"What was her name?" demanded Captain Pearce, impatiently; "quick! her name, old man."

"Ah, sir," replied the pensioner, shaking his head, "the name has escaped my memory, for I never was much skill'd in the logging o' matters, except by the eye; and you know, sir, a name arn't that sort of thing as can be looked at. Howsomer, as I have already tould you, she was beautiful and young, and doted on the childer. Well, off the Canaries we had a gale of wind,—a regular sneezer; and the craft laboured so much, we were obligated to throw the guns overboard, keeping only four out of twenty-six; but being a very fair sailer, none of us thought much o' the matter when fine weather returned, and we went bowl-ing merrily along, with the breeze on the quarter, studd'nsels alow and aloft, and short'ning our miles in good style. One day to the northud and eastard of the Cape Verds, we spied a strange sail, and being as I may say a man-o'-war without guns, it behooved us to be a little cautious, and so we tries to open our distance from him; but if ever there was a thorough clipper, your honour, that was a right arnest one, for she seemed to fly like

a bird. We soon made out her rig to be ship-rig, and she might have passed for a British cruiser but for the whiteness of her sails, which plainly showed she was one of the new world; and as there had been talks of a rumption atwixt the colonies and the mother country, the captain o' the Ingeeman began to feel dubersome about him. But what was to be done? As to running away from him, it was impossible, for it was like a race-horse in chase of a haystack; she came up with us hand-over-hand, and her spread o' cloth, square-yards, and heavy spars, soon told us what latitude she was from. At first she hoisted a Saint George's ensign and pennant, and our captain, thinking to show that he warn't afeard, shortened sail and rounded-to, still keeping her under command. She ran us alongside so close, that you might have chucked a biscuit into her; when down came her ensign and pennant, and up went the stripes and stars, and, without hailing, slap she rattles a broadside at us. "Very civil, upon my soul," says our captain, "If that's the way he means to ax a fellow how he does. Give him the two guns and a volley of musketry there, just by the way of saying, pretty well, thankee." But he'd best have let it alone, sir for he knock'd the day-light out of some o' the Yankees, and we hadn't no manner o' chance whatsomever; so we were compelled to strike, and

they comded aboard swearing blue blazes but they'd spifficates us all. And sure enough they did cut, right and left, and a random blow made the skipper look like a figure o' 9, with the tail cut off. When they'd taken possession, they began plundering, and some on' em shares out the white women,—(Captain Pearce groaned heavily)—but what became of 'em, I don't know; for a sloop ran down to us, and they shoves me and about a dozen more as was rather refractory intq her, and the Yankee captain, calculating that the babbies would disturb him, and probably take up too much of the lady's attention, he sends 'em aboard along with us, and shoved the black woman into the lot, and away the picarooning rascal sails with his prize."

"Have you ever heard what became of the lady since?" inquired Hamilton, who put the question, seeing how strongly his commander was excited.

"Never, sir," returned the man, mournfully: "for though I have seen some of my ould ship-mates since, none on 'em could give any account o' the matter. But, as I was a-telling you, as soon as the Yankee was out of sight, we took the sloop's boat, intending to make for one of the islands, and thinking the woman and the babbies would be better off in the sloop than roughing it out with us, we agreed to leave 'em behind; but the nurse jump'd into the boat with one on 'em,

just as we were shoving off,—indeed we had got clear of the sloop's side, and then we debated whether we should fetch t'other. But the fact was, the men thought they must die, and they didn't like to have the ill-luck of a dead infant in the boat."

"Now, that's what I call downright lubberly, in the regard o'knowing any thing about babbies," exclaimed old Ben, interrupting the speaker, "'cause why? The Creator wouldn't have suffered the winds to blow too roughly upon such helpless innocents, and they might have been a policy of insurance to you against bad weather."

"Mayhap so," responded the other; "but if we had any right to expect such a favour, why you know, Ben, it would have been afore we were shoved aboard the sloop."

"Go on, my man," said Captain Pearce, "and state to the best of your ability what became of the children."

"I wull, sir, I wull," replied the pensioner. "Well, after pulling and sailing many hours under a burning sun, without food and scarce a drop of water, we landed at Bonavista; and, in our eagerness to get drink, all hands ran up, and left the boat with the woman and child in it."

"And a d—inhuman thing, too," exclaimed Ben, again interrupting the narrative. "No won-

der, shipmate, you'd so many heavy squalls in after life; for them as would neglect a poor little babby and an unfortunate woman, ought to be sent to blazes."

"Avast, Ben," remonstrated the veteran. "Hunger, they say'll break through stone walls; but I'm blessed if thirst wouldn't get through iron. We were mad, Ben,—raging mad for the want o' water; and after we had drunk our fill, and got some plantains, two or three of us started back to the boat with some for the woman,—indeed, we expected to meet her coming up, for we didn't think she would have stopped altogether. Poor thing! it's often made my heart ache, too, when I thinks of it, for she was so kind to the babby, and the little water we shared out to her she saved for it, and kept moistening its lips, and soaking bits o' bread, which she had in her pockets, and she cried over it when it uttered its feeble wailings; and then she'd chant one of her country songs, and kiss it till it went to sleep; but her eyes never closed, as I believe she was afear'd we should launch it overboard, in some of our mad fits. Well, we went down to the beach, and the boat was gone, and we saw it with the sail up a little way, dancing over the waves about a league to looard. At first, we thought some body had run away with it; but on considering it over, we made

out as well as we could, that we had left her afloat, and a puff of wind had carried her adrift; and some of 'em declared they could see the poor woman standing up in the stern sheets, wringing her hands. We watched some time, and then went up the island, where we were taken prisoners, till we could give some account of ourselves."

"This is certainly proof confirmatory," exclaimed Captain Pearce, "and places the question beyond doubt." But do you remember any thing of the ornaments that the children wore?"

"Yes, sir, they had a chain round each of their necks, that look'd like gould," replied the man. "The nurse had 'em concealed about her clothes when we went aboard the sloop,—though how she contrived to cheat the Yankees I can't, for the life o' me, tell,—ounly she'd cloth enough for a frigate's topmast-staysel, wolded round her loins. Howsomever, she hung 'em round the necks of the babbies when we were quitting the sloop, and I remembers wondering what she was going at."

"Should you know the chains again?" inquired the captain, displaying the one he wore.

"No, sir, I carn't say as I should," answered the pensioner. "It's two-and-thirty years ago, and I arn't much skilled in the goldsmith's craft, though mayhap that which you are houlding is the very same."

“It must be! it is!” exclaimed Captain Pearce, with vehemence; and that wretched man within the walls of Newgate *is* my brother. It is a horrible situation to be placed in. On the one hand, the duty I owe my country; on the other hand, the strong calls of nature. It is a fearful struggle,—may God direct me in my path! But our parents! Was not the husband of the lady with her?”

“No, your honour, I think not,—indeed, I’m sartin he warn’t,” responded the veteran; “but he was some great man, for the lady had a title. She was always called ‘my lady’ by the captain and the officers, as well as by the servants.”

“A title!” reiterated the captain, his features brightening up. “By heaven, Hamilton, then I have it: the name can soon be ascertained.” He rung the bell violently, and a servant appearing, was directed to have a carriage in readiness, in which, shortly afterwards, the whole four were driving away for Leadenhall-street. Captain Pearce required no introduction to the India House; he was well received in the directors’ room and an inquiry immediately instituted as to what passengers had embarked in the *Amelia*, in 1775. The books were referred to, and there stood an entry of the name of “Lady Ali-

cia Russell and two infant children, with attendants."

"And who was Lady Russell?" inquired Captain Pearce, his voice tremulous with emotion.

"You seem to be unwell, captain," said one of the directors, touching the bell-pull, which, though no sound was heard, was instantly answered, and some wine ordered. Captain Pearce swallowed a glass or two, and then repeated his question,— "Who was Lady Russell? Do not keep me in suspense, gentlemen, I implore you, for, astonishing as it may seem, I have every reason to believe she was my mother."

The directors stared at each other, and then at the captain; as if they entertained doubts of his sanity; but the most advanced in years promptly replied, "She was the daughter of the Earl of Pemberton, and wife to Sir William Russell, who has for many years held a high judicial station, and is now the chief judge of the admiralty-court."

"Great God!" ejaculated Captain Pearce, "then he will have to try his own son. Misery, misery is accumulating!" He then briefly related the circumstances that had come to his knowledge relative to his early years, and the oldest of the directors (who had answered his inquiry,) ordered

his carriage to convey himself and the captain to Portman-square; whilst Hamilton undertook to follow in the other coach, with Ben and the pensioner.

They found the judge at home, and the Honourable Mr. Fairyston sent up his card, and was granted an immediate audience. He commenced, in the most delicate manner, to relate the cause of his visit, first recurring to the embarkation of Lady Russell in the *Amelia*; and notwithstanding the lapse of years, Sir William's eyes were suffused with tears at the recollections of the past, for he had loved his wife with unceasing affection.

“But to what purpose do your questions tend, sir?” inquired the baronet. “I cannot think you would recall these scenes to my mind, without having some ulterior object.”

“It is most true, Sir William, I have an object in view,” returned the director, “and it will be necessary for you to prepare your mind for a surprise. Of course, it is your supposition that the infants perished?”

“I think there cannot be a doubt of it,” responded Sir William, mournfully. “It is true, my long stay in India prevented my making personal investigation, but I employed agents whom I have every reason to believe faithful. The sloop

was wrecked on the bar at Senegal, and every soul perished. To be sure, the bodies were not found; but in a wild spot, such as it has been described to me, they may have, and no doubt did, become the prey of sharks," and the judge shuddered.

"Providence is wonderful in its workings, Sir William," argued the director. "We witness occurrences every day that confound the pride of human wisdom or human foresight. Now I have reason to believe the children were saved."

"You cannot mean it, sir," exclaimed Sir William, vehemently; "it must be some well practised cheat. Yet, great God! thy ways are inscrutable and past finding out. Thou hast seen me a stricken childless man, yet have I never murmured at thy decrees; and now!—Oh, sir," addressing the director; "you cannot—no, there is too much of earnest seriousness in your manner to be allied to any thing but reality; let me know, then, on what grounds you suppose the infants to have been saved."

They sat down together, and the Honourable Mr. Fairyston repeated the statement he had received from Captain Pearce, omitting all mention of the situation in which each of his sons was at that moment. Sir William listened with the deepest attention, and was frequently shaken with

agitation, as circumstances removed the doubts which arose in his mind.

“This is indeed amazing!” said the baronet; “but are they yet living? I must have proof—ay, evidence to demonstration; for I would not have Lady Russell deceived for worlds. She has never recovered the loss of her infants; she has not lived, but lingered in existence; the never-dying spark of hope has alone kept warmth in her heart:—fan it to a flame, and then extinguish it, and she would expire. Your information, sir, has shook my whole frame; but tell me, sir, do the children live? have they strong evidence of facts—tangible, tangible evidence, sir? Are they—” he was proceeding, when a piercing shriek in an adjacent apartment arrested his tongue; the shriek was faintly repeated. “Great God!” exclaimed Sir William, “it is Lady Russell!” and he hurried from the apartment, followed by the director.

Captain Pearce had been shown into a pretty little parlour, manifesting great neatness, with elegance and taste; but his mind was too agitated to notice any thing, except a series of pictures that hung upon the walls. On one wall was suspended a full-length portrait of a lady and two sleeping infants, and by its side appeared the painting of a young and handsome, but dignified man. On

the other wall was the half-length portrait of the same individual, but more advanced in age and in the costume of a judge. Next to it was the representation of a lady, to correspond in size; and though years had faded the roseate bloom of health upon her cheeks, and sorrow seemed to revel unchecked upon the heart, as indexed on the countenance, yet there was the same sweet look of benevolence that marked the smiling mother watching her sleeping babes. The captain drew forth his miniature, and gazed alternately from one to the other, fully sensible that the three were intended to commemorate the same individual, and that individual the author of his being. His stubborn sensibilities gave way; his heart overflowed with tender emotion, such as he had never known before. He was under the roof with his father,—a stern judge, and those features on the canvass resembled that father; his pulses throbbed with violence; tears rushed unchecked to his eyes; and so absorbed was he in deep meditation, that he did not, at first, perceive the entrance of a lady, who was again about to retire, when the rustling of her dress withdrew him from his reverie. He turned round; the lady stopped; his look was eager and intense; his heart was almost bursting; a faint sickness spread over his whole frame; he shook

in every limb;—for he knew his mother stood before him.

Lady Russell (for it was indeed she) became alarmed at the appearance of the stranger, and, apprehensive that he was ill, was about to ring for help. The uniform of a naval officer was welcome to her sight; she had learned to love the very colour when absent from her native land, and she conjectured that the captain was one they had known in former times, when not so high in rank. She spoke to him, but Captain Pearce heard only the harmonious voice—for his ears had never before listened to the accents of a parent's tongue; tears ran down his cheeks; he sobbed convulsively; extended his arms, and in so doing held out the miniature. In an instant it was in the lady's hands; she ran her fingers over the chain; gave a wild, wistful, anxious glance at his face; touched a secret-spring in the locket, unknown to Captain Pearce, and read, “William Edmonds Russell, born —” She swept her hand rapidly across her eyes, as if to clear her sight, and exclaimed, “Merciful Heaven! how came you by this? The captain took her hand without resistance; he raised it to his lips. “Speak—speak!” said she; “whose portrait is this?” Nature could not be repressed, —she claimed the fulness of her attributes; a faint

glimmering of the truth; a sort of dim twilight shadow of something undefined, had crossed the mind of Lady Russell. The withering feebleness of hope seemed at once to be reanimated, and breathless she stood, as the officer replied, "It is the likeness of my mother." For a moment the lady drew herself up, as if paralyzed, a piercing shriek followed, and she sank upon the floor.

In this state the parties were found by Sir William and the director, and the well-practised mind of the judge immediately comprehended the cause; the naval officer was the individual who had come to claim paternal affection, or else to give that intelligence which would lead to important discoveries. Lady Russell recovered from her swoon, and her first thoughts were on her son. Sir William supported his wife, as she gazed intently on the countenance of the captain, as if recalling the infantile features to her memory, whilst the baronet could not but feel a glow of pride at seeing the honourable station to which his supposed offspring had attained.

A hurried, but pleasing explanatory conversation ensued, (in which the old pensioner took part,) and it was not till Lady Russell requested that the carriage might be sent to fetch the twin-brother, that Captain Pearce, or rather, as we shall now call him, Russell, requested a few mi-

nutes' private audience of his father. It was immediately granted, and then he detailed the various particulars which involved the fate of so near a relation. The judge heard him with the most minute attention; questioned him upon every point, and ultimately despatched messengers for the professional gentlemen who had been engaged for the pirate's defence. On their arrival, a long consultation took place. The consanguinity of the parties was first ascertained, and Sir William could not entertain one single doubt of the restoration of his children,—the one in honour, the other in dishonour. The case of the padrone, or as we shall now call him, Augustus Russell, was then strictly scrutinized; but there appeared no one thing, on which to ground the smallest hope of saving him. The acts of aggression had, in the first instances, been against the flags of Portugal and Spain; but the action with the Warlock, and under the black flag, too, was considered as decisive of his fate, and Sir William trembled at the consequences. The consultation broke up, each one determined to use his best exertions to rescue the unhappy man, but at the same time almost despairing of success.

With much caution Lady Russell was informed of the situation of Augustus, and the sorrowing parents determined to visit him in prison. Ha-

milton, and the two seaman, having been introduced by the captain to his newly-found parents, returned to the hotel, the director took his leave, and William Russel remained in Portman-square, for the purpose of accompanying the judge and his lady to Newgate.

## CHAPTER XII.

“Oh, luve will venture in, where it daurna well be seen.”

*Burns.*

THAT a history should begin at the beginning, if a writer wishes to preserve a character for consistency, is undeniably true; but, unfortunately, I am compelled to make a commencement when near the end of my tale. The fault, however, is not mine, as I felt myself bound to relate the incidents as they came to my knowledge. This I have done; and therefore, as an act of necessity, I am forced to go back to a period, earlier than any yet connected with my narrative. But I must again aver the fault is not mine.

Lady Alicia, Vinicombe had for fifteen years been the only child of the Earl and Countess of Pemberton; and, during that time, she was almost idolized by her doting parents, who constantly gratified every wish she expressed, as far as it was practicable for extreme wealth and hu-

man ingenuity to do so. This excessive indulgence might have produced the most baneful consequences to the young heiress-expectant; but Providence, foreseeing the many trials she would have to undergo, had, in bounteous compassion, blessed her with a most amiable disposition, which, though frequently defaced by the sudden and uncontrolled ebullitions of passion, was so perfectly engrafted in her very nature, that no violence of temper nor waywardness of inclination could wholly subdue it.

Imbecile in intellect, and weak in purpose, the earl and countess had been born to a greatness they never could have attained for themselves.\* Familiar with splendour and luxury from infancy, they considered themselves entitled to distinction by a sort of divine right; and they therefore looked upon persons in the humbler walks of life, as mere instruments, ordained by the great Creator himself to supply the enjoyments of the rich. Of real natural affection they possessed but little; for the principal actuating motive that prompted their treatment of the Lady Alicia, proceeded from a selfish desire of rendering her (according to their ideas) fit for the proud station she was expected to occupy, and the extensive wealth she would have at her command, as the sole heiress to the estates and honours of Pemberton. An al-

most slavish obedience was exacted from the domestics, who, in consideration of the excellence of their places, rendered it with alacrity; but there was little of that free service which springs from attachment, and lightens the bonds of humiliation to the servant. It is true Lady Alicia had performed many acts of munificent kindness towards her immediate attendants, which had been concealed from her parents, and gratitude would have sprung spontaneously from the heart in return; but the display of ostentation with which the lady's want of proper education had been characterized, suppressed the growth of generous feelings, or blighted them whilst struggling into being.

But there was a change at hand—a fearful change to the Lady Alicia, as far as it respected her future prospects, and the attention of her parents; for, in four or five months after her sixteenth birth-day, the countess gratified the aristocratic pride and ambition of her lord, by bringing into the world a son and heir. Great were the rejoicings, and Alicia rejoiced too; magnificent were the rural fêtes among the surrounding villages, and Alicia witnessed the festivities with delight; numerous were the congratulations from the nobility and gentry in the neighbourhood, and Alicia, in listening to them, pictured to her-

self many scenes of future pleasure with her young brother, when he should be growing up through the gradations to manhood.

There is an inexplicable mystery in some natures, which cannot be accounted for on any principle that has connexion with human rectitude. Sudden and certain revolutions take place in those very tendencies which seem most fixed and lasting; and we not unfrequently see, that the very object who was once tenderly beloved with all the energy of devotion and all the delicacy of respect, treated with indignity and looked upon with abhorrence. Whence arises the change? The despised individual remains the same,—in temper, in mind, in disposition; but she is no longer seen with the same eyes of approbation; she is no longer loved with the same warmth of feeling; even her good qualities are arrayed against her, and the curse of hatred rankles in the soul. It is the demon of inordinate self-love, that spreads its baneful influences, and changes the hues of what once appeared bright and beautiful, to dark and dismal shades; it dams the genial current of benevolence; it destroys the noble incitements of generosity; it stirs up every slumbering propensity of unholy passion, and seeks for indulgence regardless of the misery it may cause.

Lady Alicia did not experience the extreme of

hatred from her parents; but, from the birth of the young lord, the earl and countess had transferred their attentions and indulgences—even their very thoughts, from her to the male heir of their ancient house; and she who before had been almost idolized, now appeared as a mere appendage to the family. Lady Alicia was just at that age, when young females emerge from childhood and prettiness, to the more responsible, and far more dangerous, period of womanhood and beauty. Her feelings had ever been sensibly acute to the slightest symptoms of neglect, even when only suspected; and the alteration which had now taken place in the manner of her parents, excited her irritability and anger to the utmost. She felt that, in herself and in her conduct, she remained the same as when every one appeared to strive which should lavish on her the greatest portion of attention to gratify her wishes. She pursued the same course as when the petted favourite of her parents; and, therefore, she argued, that, in the present instance, the fault was not on her side. The earl and countess heard her reproaches at first with a sense of consciousness that there had been something wrong in their parental management; but the frequency and violence of Lady Alicia's upbraidings and menaces soon stifled those

feelings, and they began to look upon themselves as the insulted and aggrieved party.

Servants are always watchful observers of the inclinations of their superiors, and careful to follow in that track which is most likely to fall in with the humour of those they serve, without caring either for the propriety of its source, or the tendency of its results; and the unhappy Lady Alicia was not long in ascertaining that her day of influence had passed away. It is true, she was still treated with respect as the daughter of an earl, but there was no longer that unbounded submission to her directions which she had hitherto experienced. Her parents allowed her the state and pomp due to her rank, but it was the contrast to their former fondness that struck so coldly upon her heart, and threatened to wither up its best affections for them. She knew the infant was the unconscious cause, but she loved it with a sisterly affection. She knew that the fortune which was designed for her, would now pass into his hands; but she would kiss and caress the little babe, for she was well aware of its innocence as to any intentional injury she had sustained.

Time passed on, and still the Lady Alicia vented her anger and reproaches on her parents, who, instead of trying to redeem the past by conciliatory kindness, which would have wrought

upon her amiable qualities, treated her with harshness, commanded her from their presence, and even extended their power to confine her to her chamber. Sullenness and obstinacy succeeded; but even these failed of their usual effect, and the unhappy girl, sensible that the servants were witnesses to her degradation, at length became seriously ill from the mental conflicts which agitated her. The earl and countess relaxed a little from their austerity, but it was only for a short duration; and the infant lord manifesting weakness and indisposition, they prepared to quit the Hall for the metropolis, that the best medical aid might be constantly at hand. This was another severe blow to the Lady Alicia. Her parents were going to leave her at a time when she most needed kindness, and though she felt for her brother's welfare, yet she could not altogether school her mind to being left alone in the country.

The family mansion of the Pembertons was a most princely dwelling, in a romantic part of Devonshire, commanding a distant view of the British Channel. It was surrounded by an extensive park, from which strangers were carefully excluded, and the grounds in the immediate neighbourhood of the Hall, as well as an inner court, were laid out with exquisite taste and magnificence. The Italian garden, with its myriads of

flowers, its tortuous walks, and its cooling fountains, led to the embowered shades of solitude, where the spreading oak vied with the dark green firs in excluding the light of heaven. Here were hermitages and grottoes, streams falling from the rocks and winding their way beneath a surface of green weeds and moss, and natural basins, where the lively fish sported in their vigour;—in short, every thing that money could procure was spread abroad to produce the most striking changes in native and ornamental scenery.

The earl and countess had mixed but rarely in the company of the neighbouring gentry, preferring the grandeur of their own dwelling, enlivened occasionally by a visiter or two from London, to that social intercourse which preserves a kindly feeling in the heart. The noble pair were but little respected by their neighbours, and still less esteemed by the villagers attached to the estate; not that the earl and his lady were wanting in acts of generosity, but the value of the gift was depreciated and despised, from the ungracious and haughty manners of the givers. They made the poor doubly sensible of their poverty, and the humble cottager felt a keener humiliation by the lesson his necessities compelled him to learn.

The earl and countess, after a brief leave-taking with their daughter, departed for their town-resi-

dence, and Lady Alicia remained at the Hall with a small establishment, compared with the accustomed retinue, but sufficient to attend to her wants and to her comforts. At first a feeling, almost bordering on despair, weighed down her faculties, and rendered her a victim to despondent melancholy. The spring-time of youth, however, came to her aid, and she began to rejoice that she was spared the humiliation of suffering her acquaintances to witness the change in her condition and prospects. Activity of mind assisted an excellent constitution in the recovery of health, and the glowing beauties of nature never before appeared to her so truly enchanting, as now she was, in a great measure, thrown upon her own resources for amusement. Her governess, an excellent woman in every sense of the word, was no longer treated as a dependant on capricious bounty, but was received with unfeigned affection as a kind and soothing friend, to whom Lady Alicia clung, when all else seemed to be withdrawing their support. Still there was a sad vacuum in the bosom of the lovely girl, for she felt that her parents had acted unwisely in granting her such unlimited indulgence, and had also treated her with cruelty in banishing her from their presence at a period when kindness was particularly desirable. In most of her actions, however, whether for good

or evil, she evinced a suddenness of determination and a fixedness of purpose, which was seldom shaken or altered; and now the natural goodness of her heart prevailing over the weakness of human nature, she gradually attained contentment, and applied herself with great diligence to those instructions which, during the blind fondness of her parents, had been so much neglected.

The false pride of Lady Alicia's heart was broken: affability, amiable condescension, rendered her beloved by her inferiors; and though, at times, the seeds of early temper would again strive to grow and gather strength, yet they were speedily subdued, and she felt satisfaction in the conquest. But another change was now to take place, in parting with her kind instructress, to whom a relation had bequeathed a property that made her independent of the world; but the loss was much diminished by an acquaintance which Alicia had formed with a young lady about her own age, whose family connexions, by birth and alliance, claimed an exalted rank in the scale of society; but her father, being the youngest of four sons and of a poorer branch, had entered into holy orders, and had recently obtained a living, about twelve miles distant from Pemberton Hall. With a partner inexpensive in her tastes, simple in her economy, and unostentatious in her religious duties,

(which she nevertheless strictly observed) the Rev. Ebenezer Russell enjoyed all the real luxuries of existence, without suffering those attendant pains which await on what are generally termed so. But the sweetest cup is dashed with bitters, for out of five children, he had followed three to that grave which separates the living and the dead. Three times had his heart been wrung with bitter anguish, but he did not sorrow as those without hope. They had died in the full expectation of a joyful resurrection, and he knew that, though they could not return to him, yet he could go to them, where they would be no more parting for ever. One son and one daughter survived, and upon these he had poured the whole stores of his richly cultivated mind; whilst their mother, both by precept and example, impressed upon their hearts the principles and practice of virtue.

The Earl of Pemberton had written a permission to his daughter to join him in London; but she had requested the sanction of her parents to remain in the country, at the same time informing them of the acquaintance she had made with Maria Russell, and soliciting their authority for inviting her to the Hall. This was granted, and the consent of Mr. and Mrs. Russell being obtained, Maria accompanied her friend to the noble mansion of the Pembertons, where in mutual efforts

to render themselves agreeable, and in endeavours to impart happiness to each other, the hours passed away in innocent recreation, without monotony or tedium to render them dull and heavy. Lady Alicia could not but be sensible that she was much inferior to her young friend in those mental acquirements which enrich the understanding, and she became doubly diligent in her labours to supply the deficiency; whilst her fair companion, without assuming the smallest degree of pre-eminence, rendered every assistance within the compass of her ability, not only to improve the intellectual knowledge of her titled associate, but also to cultivate the amiable propensities of her disposition. A new world seemed unfolding itself to the view of the high-born maiden. She no longer looked upon individuals in humble life as the mere ministers to her desires, but as fellow-creatures, of like passions and feelings with herself. She no longer treated her inferiors in station with insolence and haughty pride, but with a becoming dignity, which was greatly enhanced by kindness of speech; she listened to the complaints of the indigent and afflicted, she soothed their sorrows, and relieved their necessitous distress; whilst with those that were better provided she conversed with affability, and showed a warm interest in their family arrangements. Indeed,

so complete a metamorphosis had been effected, that none who had previously known Lady Alicia Vinicombe could have traced in her, except in features, the same individual. She had discovered the right use of superfluous wealth, she endeavoured to make every one happy, and the surrounding villages echoed with her praises.

About sixteen months had passed away without having seen her parents, though they had been frequently expected at the Hall; but something or other had constantly occurred to defer their visit. Maria Russell had occasionally left her friend for a few weeks, to be at the rectory, but returned at suitable opportunities to remain with her lovely and amiable companion. Winter had set in with all its rigours, and the severity of the weather had thrown a gloom upon creation; but the poor and the destitute had their wants supplied, and blessings were implored on the heads of the gentle-hearted creatures who softened the hardships of the season. Still the hours seemed to hang heavy on the hands of the fair friends, as they were now confined within the walls of the house, and the dreary aspect assumed by nature was cheerless and sad.

“There is a beauty, notwithstanding,” said Maria, as they stood conversing at the window of a warm parlour, richly furnished, “there is a

beauty in the scenery which excites admiration. Look at the glistening icicles as they hang from the branches of the weeping willow; its crystal tears look rich and even flowing, though they do not move. How grand the contrast to the thick green foliage! and though the cold is severe, and the weather stormy, yet it enhances the delights of summer with its warm and mellifluous breath."

" Still, I do not like confinement," returned Lady Alicia; " we are like spell-bound damsels in some enchanted castle. Winter is the giant that imprisons us, and the frosts are his adamantine chains. Oh, that some gallant prince or courteous knight would pass over our rigid guardian without molestation, and come to enlighten us with the flashes of his wit, or enliven us with his tales of chivalry."

" Thou art thyself the enchantress, Alicia," exclaimed Maria, with considerable glee. " See, yonder he comes on his prancing steed," and she pointed to a horseman, who muffled up in his cloak, was galloping up the avenue to the Hall.

The ladies withdrew from the window, not a little surprised, and wondering who their visiter could be. But suspense was of short duration; the door of the apartment was thrown open, and a servant announced Mr. William Russell, the bro-

ther of Maria, and the sweet girl sprung from her seat, and was encircled in his arms. Mutual delight gleamed from their eyes, and mutual regard glowed in their hearts, so that several minutes had elapsed before Maria turned to present her relative to Lady Alicia, and then she perceived that her fair friend had quitted the parlour.

Possessing a well-formed person, a fine manly countenance, and the most gentlemanly deportment, the company of William Russell had always been acceptable to female society; and whilst pitying the weakness that fascinated and bound human nature to the frivolities of the world, he had nevertheless walked the rounds of fashionable life, as a relaxation from intense and arduous study. But his keen judgment, and extensive penetration, found no solid gratification in the circles of glittering pageantry, where all was heartless levity or artificial pomp, and he frequently returned to his apartments disgusted with the children of folly, and more strongly fortified against the machinations of meretricious beauty. He was now passing a short time at the rectory with his parents, and had rode over to inquire after the welfare of his sister. He had heard of Lady Alicia, but only as a spoiled child, and a favourite of fortune; it was, therefore, with some reluctance he was in-

duced to pay this visit, but brotherly affection, together with a little smattering of curiosity, overcame his scruples, and he set out determined to make his stay as short as was consistent with courtesy and good breeding.

Lady Alicia had withdrawn almost immediately after Russell's entrance; yet, in their sudden and animated pleasure, she had witnessed sufficient to awaken all the kindest sympathies of her heart. The cordial greeting and warm embrace, where ardent affection had overleaped the bounds of restraint, showed that nature was triumphant. But Lady Alicia felt that no such brotherly tenderness was included among the number of her enjoyments, and a sensation of loneliness and desrtion spread a chilling influence upon her spirits, whilst the unbidden and unwonted tears trickled down her cheeks. In this situation she was found by Maria, who employed the soothing voice of friendship, imparted consolation, and chased away the gathering clouds of grief. A few minutes sufficed, and together the friends descended to the parlour, to perform the honours of the house in exercising the rites of hospitality.

Russell had expected to see a pretty female in Lady Alicia; but he was not prepared to witness that extreme beauty, which, whilst it fascinated

the eye, also left a bright memorial in the heart. He expected to find a titled lady, lisping the soft nothings which fashion construes into wit amongst the privileged classes, but which common sense condemns as silly trifling in the one sex, and sheer impertinence in the other; and how greatly was he surprised to meet with a being in person, mind, and conversation, so totally different to that which his erring fancy had pictured. There was a little embarrassment at the first introduction, but it soon vanished, and the hours passed rapidly away, till prudence, which had frequently pointed to the hands of a rich French dial upon the superb 'marble mantel-piece, could no longer be controlled, and the young man, with lingering regret, bade them farewell, promising to renew his visit at the earliest opportunity.

It often happens that we derive the greatest pleasure, when it arises out of circumstances from which we expected the least. Indeed, I may say, this is generally the case; for the mind, not being overheated by anticipations of excellence where it does not exist, feels no disappointment; and if it should exist, and goes beyond the ideas we have preformed, the gratification rises in proportion to the real worth which is displayed. So felt Russell. During his ride homewards, new and sweet delights thrilled in his breast. He had purposely,

though apparently without design, introduced a variety of topics, whilst conversing, to try the extent of Lady Alicia's understanding; and though he did not find any great depth of research, or any vast fund of knowledge, yet he discovered that which was far more pleasing to one who had been an ardent scholar, and now, though young, was considered by competent judges to be an accomplished master. He discovered that her mind was rich with native genius, and only required the culture of an able teacher to mature and bring it to perfection. Benevolence, or perhaps some warmer feeling, pointed out whom he wished that teacher to be; and in the present instance there was probably some desire, almost bordering upon vanity, to show his own acquirements, whilst imparting instruction. Perhaps, too, there were a few sweet whisperings of hope,—a gleam or two of future happiness, that brightened his prospects of mental enjoyments, and he acknowledged to his parents, on reaching the rectory, the agreeable change which had taken place in his ideas of Lady Alicia. He was strongly attached to his sister, and he thought she had never before appeared so amiable, as when trying to display her fair friend's accomplishments to the best advantage.

A few days elapsed, and Russell again dismounted at the Hall door, and was received with

the warmth of unreserved pleasure. He assisted his young friends in their labours of mercy for the poor; he amused them by the lively sallies of innocent mirth; he opened to them the inexhaustible stores in the volume of nature; in short, he became their mentor, and the frequent renewals of his visits displayed a more than usual fraternal regard to his fair sister. The sweet hours of social and instructive converse passed quickly away, and Lady Alicia, in the respectful and unremitting attentions of William Russell, found a solace when painful thoughts intruded on her mind; indeed, his presence had become so connected with her enjoyments, that she loved him with all the intensity of first attachment, and his good opinion and esteem seemed to be the keys of life to all her hopes of happiness. It would have been impossible for any young man to have remained long insensible to the beauties of person and amiable qualifications of mind united in Lady Alicia, much more a young man of the ardent temperament and glowing fancy of William Russell. He saw

“Her beauteous cheeks the blush of Venus wear,  
Chasten’d with coy Diana’s pensive air.”

He knew her worth, he had assisted in storing her mind with knowledge, and, in short, they loved,—tenderly, affectionately, passionately loved. With

Alicia it was a delicious dream, that shadowed forth bright visions of peace, and joy, and pleasure; but William was well aware that the pride and ambition of the earl and countess would instantly reject an alliance with one who was destitute of rank and fortune, even if Lady Alicia should consent to join her destiny with his; and how could he contemplate a greater misery for her, to whom he was devotedly attached? Every night, on retiring to rest, he formed a determination to return to the metropolis on the morrow; and when the morning came it found him in the saddle, with a book, an engraving, or a choice plant, which he had promised to procure for the ladies at the Hall.

The kind-hearted Maria had witnessed, with a sister's pride, the growing esteem and respect of Alicia for William; but, accustomed to look upon her brother with unbounded regard, she saw nothing beyond a corresponding feeling in the attachment of her titled companion. William had never breathed a word which could directly or indirectly convey his real sentiments to Alicia, nor had Alicia betrayed the secret which nestled in her bosom, and was nourished by the wishes of her heart.

William had been passing a few days with a friend, in a cottage at the verge of the park, which afforded him opportunities of being more in the

society of Lady Alicia. He had walked through the grounds to the Hall in the morning of a bright spring day, and his vivacity had gained an accession of vigour by the sensations that are excited in contemplating the revival of nature from her wintry sleep. He was sitting in the parlour (before mentioned) with the ladies, and they were calling to remembrance the circumstances of his first visit, when a footman entered and announced a gentleman, who was immediately ushered into the room; and William recognised a distant relation, who, from an humble station in life, had arisen, by industry and application, to wealth and influence. He was an honest well-meaning man, plain in his dress, and somewhat coarse in his manners; for he had toiled through various gradations to his present eminence without gaining a polish on the way, which polish, however, too often removes with the roughness, that integrity of mind which alone ennobles human nature.

“Your servant, ladies,” said he, bowing with ungraceful politeness. “Cousin William, I’m happy to see you. Charming spot this; fine stream yonder; make an excellent speculation for a manufacturer—pay well for the outlay—capital well employed.”

William looked rather disconcerted for a moment, but lost no time in introducing Mr. Ed-

monds to Lady Alicia and his sister, who invited him to be seated, and were going to leave the room, supposing he had come on business.

“Pray don’t go, my lady,” he exclaimed; “Cousin Maria, I must request you to remain whilst I impart good news. Bad news, they say, travels quick; but really I have lost no time in coming down, determined to see Cousin Ebenezer in person, and bring the intelligence myself.”

“Of what nature may your intelligence be, sir?” inquired William.

“Fair and softly, cousin; fair and softly. Begin at the right end of a thing, and that’s the best way of making a good ending. I remember Ebenezer,—Cousin Ebenezer, as I always call him,—he was never proud and upstart like the rest, but always spoke kindly and encouragingly to me when I was working up-hill and had hard labour, frequently slipping back to my old station.—You’ll pardon me, ladies, making a long story.—And so, Cousin William, I was saying, the parson was always giving me a lift in his way,—and, let me tell you, there’s nothing better than a kind word, to make a man persevere through difficulties. And as for yourself, Cousin William, we have met more than once or twice, and you behaved like your father’s son; so, you see, I wish to be grateful,—there, don’t interrupt me,”—for Wil-

liam, fearful that his plain-dealing relation was about to utter something painful to a sensitive mind, had risen from his seat, evidently with the intention of taking him into another room. "Sit down, Cousin William, sit down; I never saw you look so proud before. I won't detain you a minute, ladies; but I thought you would be as glad as myself, particularly Cousin Maria there, at our good fortune, for it's worth £2000 a-year first starting, and a fair prospect of doubling it before long; and you're but a young man, Cousin William, a very young man to jump into such an office. Somehow, you don't look pleased, either; but, perhaps you will ride over with me to the parson's,—Cousin Ebenezer, as I call him,—and then we can settle all about it."

William had listened with something like impatience to this strange address, but he gathered sufficient information from the close, to be satisfied that his generous relation had been exerting his influence, and perhaps employed his wealth, in procuring ~~you~~ in some appointment, and the prospect of acquiring a competency to offer Lady Alicia filled him with delight. Maria and Alicia had, with the same quickness, caught the meaning of the £2000 a-year, and both looked pleased at the view of independence which was apparently to be opened to the young man. All this had

passed through their minds whilst Mr. Edmonds was speaking, and at his ceasing William's countenance at once assumed a look of greater cheerfulness.

"I have no doubt of your kind intentions, sir," said Russell; "but at present I do not comprehend the whole of your meaning."

"Ads bobs, and that's true, Cousin William," assented Edmonds. "But here," he continued, pulling out from his spacious pocket a large packet with a great red seal,—"here it is, worth £2000 a-year, with a prospect of doubling it before long. It is an appointment, Cousin William, an appointment in Calcutta, and you must sail by the first ship." Edmonds ceased, and then looked round him with a smile of delighted triumph.

William had taken the packet from the hand of his relation and sat with it in his own, apparently in a state of stupor. Alicia had drawn one deep gasp, and, closing her eyes, sunk back upon the sofa. Maria gazed with intense earnestness upon her brother, but neither of the three uttered one word. Happily, Mr. Edmonds accounted for their condition in his own way, by considering that surprise and pleasure had overpowered them; and taking his hat, he said he "would go down

and look at the stream, for there seemed to be an admirable flow to turn a mill."

The door closed on the retiring Edmonds. He gained the park, and was walking briskly along, indulging in the delight of having performed a generous deed. The trio still sat in the same position in the parlour, as if transfixed by sudden terror, till Maria, by exertion, gently pressed the hand of her friend, and found that she had sunk into insensibility. Her cry brought her brother to the sofa, who raised the inanimate form of the lovely girl in his arms, pressed her to his heart, and acted a thousand extravagancies, which were prompted by love and despair. Lady Alicia's servant was summoned, restoratives were applied, and she once more unclosed her eyes, but was nearly relapsing again, when she beheld the packet with the large red seal lying by her side, where it had been thrown by Russell in the hurry of his emotion.

Before Edmonds's return, tranquillity was pretty well restored, at least in external appearance, and after he had partaken of some refreshment, William prepared to accompany him to the rectory. His parting from the amiable girls was for the first time, in anguish, and that too of a very bitter nature to all three. It is true, both William and Alicia were now fully acquainted with each

other's sentiments, but this knowledge seemed only to make the blow more heavy.

Mr. Edmonds bade the ladies farewell, and, William promising to return as soon as possible, they rode off from the Hall, whilst the sweet girls clung round each other's necks, and relieved the sorrows of their hearts by tears.

“And how's the parson—Cousin Ebenezer, as I used to call him, eh? and your mother?” And then, without waiting for an answer, Edmonds went on, “I say, William,—that's Cousin William,—yon's a beautiful girl—much money, eh?—Lady Alicia. You're a sly rogue, Cousin William,—knew you was in the neighbourhood of the Hall,—Pemberton Hall, I think they call it. Capital run that stream; some good growing timber, too. Found out where you was. The parson,—Cousin Ebenezer, as I call him,—sent me a letter; set out directly; inquired at the cottage, and was directed to the Hall,—Pemberton Hall. Fine park, but wants ploughing up, and sowing with grain—make a good return, and grow timber besides. You'll be a nabob, some day or other, Cousin William, take my word; you'll come back a nabob, Cousin William, and £2000 a-year is very fair to begin with. I commenced with only fifteen shillings in the world, and now I'm worth .

more than—but no matter, I hate boasting; so, Cousin William, I hope you are gratified.”

William warmly expressed his acknowledgments, and, indeed, he felt particularly grateful for the generous attention of the kind-hearted old man.

“Why, I heard of your fame, Cousin William,” continued Edmonds, “that you was a great scholar, and others had heard of it too—the Russells I mean,—and Sir William was proud of it, or else I should have had more difficulty in getting the appointment. But he said, I mean Sir William said, that he would patronise you, as you would do some credit to the family; and remembering the parson, Cousin Ebenezer, I pushed ‘em tightly, and so, you see, ‘I succeeded.’—This was a piece of delicate finesse in the old man, for the appointment had actually cost him four years’ purchase.—“And,” he continued, “you must make haste up to London, be presented to the directors, and then for a quick ship and a fair wind. I wish I was twenty years younger, Cousin William, I’d go with you; egad I would, in spite of Hyder Ali and the French war.”

Mr. Edmonds was received at the rectory with the warmest hospitality, which was doubly precious to him, as neither Mr. nor Mrs. Russell had

been acquainted with the appointment he had procured. The communication was kept secret for the present by his own request, and William the more readily humoured his eccentricity,—first, from a wish that he might experience the kindness of his parents without suspecting them of interested motives; and secondly, because he was desirous of sparing, as long as possible, the pain which he knew they would feel at the idea of so wide a separation.

All the caprices of the old gentleman were indulged; Mrs. Russell seemed to anticipate his wishes, and he declared, “he never was more happy in his life, and he hoped the parson,—Cousin Ebenezer,—would pay him a visit at his place in London.”

It would not be possible to describe the feelings of Mr. Russell and his excellent wife, when they were informed of the circumstances relative to the prospects which were opening to their son. Painful apprehensions and sickening fears were combated by emotions of pleasure and sentiments of gratitude, and the anxiety of parental affection was tempered with resignation to the divine will. The heart of the worthy clergyman had glowed with honest pride when contemplating the superior attainments of William; but his mind had

been frequently overcast with gloom at the thoughts that he himself had no influence to turn those attainments to the advantage of the possessor. Now, however, a fairer scene presented itself; and though he would have preferred the young man's remaining in England to his going abroad, yet the lustre of the good shed a brightness on the evil.

The acknowledgments to the kind-hearted Edmonds were warm and sincere; for though not much acquainted with the affairs of the world, Mr. Russell knew sufficient to be well aware that pecuniary means, as well as interest, must have been employed to procure the office; and he had nearly offended his generous friend, by hinting at his readiness to enter into engagements to re-imburse the sum by instalments, or in any way that was most acceptable. "Cousin Ebenezer," said Edmonds, "I used to think wealth the greatest blessing on earth. I toiled for it, strove hard, cousin, rising early and going to bed late; you assisted me with your advice, but more by your kind encouragement. You was a sort of sleeping partner, Cousin Ebenezer; and often, when joining your family circle at evening prayers, I've heard you offer up petitions for me—ay, for me, and it spurred me on to double diligence, because I knew

the supplications of the righteous were acceptable to the Creator. At first, I longed to obtain wealth for the sake of it, and it eluded my grasp; but your pious aspirations, cousin,—I say, your pious aspirations changed my desires, and turned them into a different channel. I am now wealthy beyond my most sanguine expectations,—not gained by fraud or unfair dealing, mind that, Cousin Ebenezer; but the fruits of industry, and eating the bread of carefulness, as you would call it. What, if I have spent the red gold for William there, it was your own, cousin, it was your own, and there is yet a large balance of grateful remembrances in your favour, which I never can repay!” and the worthy creature wiped a tear from his eye.

It was arranged that William should return with Edmonds to the metropolis; and, as no time was to be lost, the next day but one was fixed for their departure; but William could not quit that part of the country, without bidding Alicia and his sister farewell, nor could he consistently leave his generous friend. He felt painfully perplexed as to the course he was to pursue, but Edmonds relieved his distress, by bidding him ride over and “bid the ladies good-by.”

William was soon in the saddle, and the animal,

as if aware of the agitated feelings of his master and the value of his time, put forth his best speed. Whilst passing up the avenue to the Hall, he observed the white drapery of females in the adjacent wilderness, and, giving his horse to a servant who approached, he speedily joined the fair friends.

The spot they had selected was one of romantic beauty,—a small hermitage, where the quiet of solitude was calculated to soothe the sorrows of the heart. After the first salutation, each felt a degree of embarrassment, arising from the peculiar circumstances in which they were placed, and there was silence for several minutes. Lady Alicia was well aware that her affection for the highly-talented young man was fully known to him, and every pulse beat quicker and stronger as he advanced. She also felt that she was beloved, but it only tended to increase her diffidence and respect. William was deeply sensible of the attachment the lovely girl cherished for him, but he did not presume upon it, beyond pressing her soft white hands to his lips. Maria had long comprehended what had been passing in the breasts of both; but the picture, which was now presented to her mind, had but little of the light of consolation thrown upon it, for the future was shrouded by gloomy anticipations.

But William was aware that the fleeting minutes were rapidly passing away; and he therefore, by a strong effort, endeavoured to throw off the heavy load which pressed on his heart, and weighed down his utterance. He spoke of his expected adventures in the East with forced attempts to excite the amusement of the fair friends, but he was answered only by constrained and languid smiles; he mentioned his early departure for the metropolis, and Lady Alicia could no longer control her feelings, she burst into hysterical sobs, occasioned by her previous struggle to appear cheerful. Then it was that the unrepressed language of sincere and ardent affection poured forth in an irresistible flow of eloquence; then it was that Russell earnestly pleaded his suit, where fond regard had pleaded it before; and then it was that Lady Alicia, concealing her face upon his shoulder as she clung to his embrace, received his vow of fidelity and pledged her own.

Reserve was at an end: a degree of calmness spread its benign influence on each mind; they passed the remainder of William's visit in that sweet intercourse of congenial sentiments, which can only arise from the warmth of affection rendered more precious by integrity of purpose. After arranging the mode of correspondence, and

promising to return from the metropolis as soon as he possibly could, (though in this latter, he felt no promise was necessary,) William kissed the dear beings he so tenderly loved, and, with a lightened heart, he returned to the rectory.

The following day, the carriage of Edmonds awaited at the rectory-gate; an affectionate farewell was passed from one to the other; the eyes of the generous-hearted man were moistened with the ill-repressed drops of rich feeling as the worthy clergyman gave a parting benediction to his son, and implored the Deity for blessings on his benefactor. They entered the strong-built but handsome vehicle, the postillions were already mounted, the word was given, and the simple but pleasant mansion of his parents was soon lost to William's view.

At first, the travellers held but little conversation, but they gradually became communicative; and, if Edmonds was pleased with the remarks of his young friend, William was both surprised and gratified to find his companion a man of considerable practical intelligence upon subjects connected with the commerce and manufactures of the different parts of the world: there were no attempts at display, his observations were the dictates of plain reason and common-sense, entirely divested

of that mystification which too often renders the most simple things obscure and difficult. He was well acquainted with the whole *arcana* of our eastern possessions; and William, to the vast scientific knowledge he had already acquired, was now enabled to add not a few important facts from an un-educated man, and which he found of the utmost service to him in his subsequent duties at Calcutta.

Arrived in the metropolis, the new *employé* waited on Sir William Russell, who, though he received his young relative with an air of patronage, was much struck with his manner and appearance, and certainly treated him with a kindness which left no cause for complaint. Sir William held a high official station, and he was gratified to find that he should be able to present to the board of directors a member of his family who would reflect the highest credit on it. Had the young man been deformed, or even of common mould, and without fame, he might have died a beggar, for what Sir William cared; but he saw there was credit to be gained to himself in advancing his nephew, and he determined to use his utmost exertions to promote his interests.

“It has afforded me the highest pleasure, Mr. Russell,” said Sir William, “to be able to render

you any service; and you may rely upon it, my influence with the board will not be thrown away. By the by, when did you arrive, and where are you stopping?"

"I arrived but yesterday," replied William, "in company with Mr. Edmonds, and have for the present taken up my abode at his house, in — square."

"Edmonds! Edmonds!" repeated the baronet. "I recollect the name,"—as well he might, for he was at that moment under great obligations for certain favours conferred by him. "Do you know any thing of him?"

"He is one of the family, I believe, Sir William," replied Russell; "a cousin of my father, and—"

"Right, right!" exclaimed the great man, interrupting him. "I recollect now; but as he does not move in our circle, I could not at the moment call him to mind. You must be presented to the board at its next sitting. I will myself have the honour of presenting you, and in the mean time you must make every preparation for going out in the first ship that sails."

William expressed his acknowledgments to the baronet, some farther conversation ensued, a formal invitation to "dinner at six" was given, and

the young man quitted his titled relative to make arrangements for his voyage. But in this he found he had been anticipated. The worthy Edmonds had provided every necessary that was requisite, and that, too, with no niggard's hand. An extensive wardrobe, a select library, cases of choice wines and liquors,—in short, all that was needful for the passage out, and sufficient for comfort and elegance, if not for absolute luxury, on his settling in the country.

On inquiry in Leadenhall-street, it was ascertained that the directors would hold a board in the following week, and the captains of several ships would then take their leave, previous to sailing. The *Asia* was considered the most eligible vessel; she was already at Gravesend, taking in the last of her cargo, and it was resolved that Mr. Edmonds and his protégé should visit that place on the morrow, to secure suitable accommodations on board for the young official.

There was still an hour or two to spare before dinner, and William Russell, with feelings inexpressibly acute, called at the princely mansion of the Earl of Pemberton, to deliver a small packet intrusted by Lady Alicia. He had anticipated a haughty reception, and his pulses throbbed with tenfold violence as he was ushered into the splen-

did library, where sat the proud and wealthy nobleman, the father of the being whom, next Heaven, he loved. But to the surprise of Russell, he could discover no marks of repulsive *hauteur* or assumptions of wordly superiority in the manner of the earl. He appeared to be bowed down by affliction, and his countenance was that of a heart-broken man. It was only when William, in the natural benevolence of his heart, was thrown off his guard and commiserated with the noble, that the latter proudly indicated the distance in rank between them, and chilled the genial current in the young man's soul, that was rushing with intense desire to alleviate distress. He was informed in a few words, but with anguish that the strugglings of pride endeavoured in vain to repel, that the fond hopes of the earl and countess, as to the male heir, were about to be crushed; the child was not expected to live many hours. William took a hasty leave of the house of mourning, and having made his toilet, was conveyed in Mr. Edmonds' carriage to the house of feasting. Here his reception by Lady Russell and her two daughters, as well as the assembled guests, was certainly highly gratifying. Indeed the company had been conversing on the merits of Russell before his arrival; his genius and talents had been the theme of universal approba-

tion, and when he made his appearance, his figure and address completed the picture, and all were ready with their common tribute of congratulatory welcome. At table, the conversation was refined and pleasing, but William felt that “a change had come o'er the spirit of his dream.” The prospect of the death of the young heir of Pemberton, seemed to place the Lady Alicia at a distance from him it was intolerable to contemplate. She would become the most wealthy heiress in the kingdom; she was young, and he must leave her to the importunities of others—his superiors in station and in property, and exposed to the dictates of parents whose sole object was magnificence and grandeur. These, and many similar thoughts, crowded upon his mind, and 'twas not till he had incautiously swallowed several glasses of Champagne, that his spirits were sufficiently exhilarated to join in the subjects that were under discussion.

Sophia Russell, who sat next to William, also greatly contributed to dispel the embarrassment, which it was evident he was labouring under. She was the youngest of the two sisters,—a light-hearted joyous beauty, the petted favourite of the family, who delighted in seeing every one happy around her. She had observed that sorrow of

some kind or other was brooding in the young man's mind, and with gentle kindness she spoke to him of his sister, his parents, and even of Lady Alicia, (for they had been playmates in their childhood,) and drew around him so sweet a spell, by directing his thoughts to objects and scenes of endearment, that William, elevated by the wine and encouraged by the fair lady, launched into his usual easy flow of eloquence, that at once dazzled by its brightness, and delighted by its elegance and wit.

But once more retired, and alone in the solitude of his chamber, he sat down to reflect;—the effort was vain, and he hastily sought for repose on his pillow. His sleep was restless; visions of varied character presented themselves,—bright prospects were suddenly changed to dreary deserts,—and dreary deserts became redolent of beauty; joyous ecstasy was succeeded by bitter anguish, and this again gave place to anxious hope.

The morning found him unrefreshed, and after a slight breakfast, with aching head and weary frame he entered the carriage that was to convey himself and Mr. Edmonds to Gravesend. Arrived on board the Asia, arrangements were soon made: a cabin was fixed upon, which, though one of the best in the ship, appeared like a condemned cell to

Russell, and Edmonds, hoping to cheer his spirits, proposed continuing their excursion along the coast. Eager for relief from painful thought, William consented, and after some refreshment, the carriage was again ordered; but just as they were upon the point of entering it, an elegant equipage drove up to the inn door, and at the window appeared the smiling and lovely face of Sophia Russell, tinged with glowing blushes, as she recognised her dinner-companion of the day before. Lady Russell and her eldest daughter, with General Simcox (an antiquated admirer of the latter) were also in the carriage, and the party were on the way to Dover, intending to travel along the coast to Brighton.

The witchery of Sophia's smile was a cordial to poor Russell's heart. He hastened to the carriage-door, which was opened by one of the outriders, heard the intention of Lady Russell, communicated a similar design on the part of Mr. Edmonds and himself, introduced that worthy, though unpolished individual, to the fashionables, and then was about to depart.

"Oh, unfortunate that I am!" exclaimed Sophia, assuming a look in which the semblance of grief was falsified by her arch smile. "Oh, that

the days of gallantry and chivalry should have passed away before I was born! Now, I must sit, buried in this cavern, without a single soul to speak to, except mamma, who makes no answer, the general in the corner, who, in spite of all I can say to attract him, does not pay me the least attention; and my silent sister there, who talks to nobody."

"Why, what would you have, my little madcap?" said the general, laughing, in which he was joined by the rest of the party.

"What would I have?" reiterated the fair girl, her full eyes beaming with animation. "Look, general, at the ever-changing prospect our journey has presented. How delightful it would have been to have had the beautiful scenery of my native country pointed out by the hand of an enthusiast, and described in the warm language of poetry. Oh, Mr. Edmonds, I wish you were returning to the metropolis, and would give me a seat in your carriage."

Edmonds was but little acquainted with the free manners of high life. He remembered the time when Lady Russell had treated him with indignity, and he felt no wish to thrust himself into society, where there was a probability of his presence not being altogether acceptable. But the

winning look of the sweet girl had gone directly home to his heart; every thought but that which prompted his generous spirit to contribute to her enjoyment was banished; and with the honest simplicity that characterized his nature, he at once offered her a seat in his carriage as long as she chose to occupy it.

Lady Russell drew herself up, and primmed her mouth to decline the invitation for her daughter; the eldest sister inclined her head, and frowned; the general looked a whole platoon of fixed bayonets, but immediately changed his countenance on recollecting, that if his tormentor were absent, he should be more at his ease; whilst Sophia exclaimed, “There’s a dear good old gentleman; I know mamma feels confined, and I do so long to chatter to somebody that will listen to me. Come, Mr. Russell, your hand,” and before any refusal could be given, the lovely girl had alighted, nodded to her own party, and taking William’s arm, in a minute or two she was comfortably seated in Edmonds’s carriage, and away they drove, giving Lady Russell’s, however, the lead.

“I fear you will think me a strange, wild girl, Mr. Edmonds,” said the blushing Sophia; “but really I cannot consent to have all my gaiety of heart nipped in the bud, when there is no danger

in the indulgence of it. Perhaps you will say I am not the most competent judge of what is safe and what is hazardous: but at the present moment surely I cannot be wrong; or if I thought I was, and had lessened myself in your good opinion, my punishment would be severe indeed."

Edmonds assured her of the happiness he derived from her presence, and his assurance was the truth, for he hoped to win his young companion from the melancholy that evidently oppressed him. Nor was he disappointed, for the lovely girl soon drew Russell into conversation, and beguiled the torturing apprehensions that racked his very soul. The hours passed pleasantly away in intellectual intercourse; the beautiful full blue eyes of Sophia were frequently directed to the now animated countenance of her eloquent and handsome companion, and in the innocence of her mind she wondered what could cause her cheeks to glow, and her heart to beat more violently, whenever William detected her involuntary gaze.

At Canterbury they stopped to dine, and Sophia was not long in uniting both parties at the same table. Indeed, Lady Russell could not well offer an objection; and being wearied with the journey and vapoured with *ennui*, she the more readily assented, under the hope of enjoying the

change. Edmonds forbore to make advances on his side, but he could not withstand solicitation, and his unobtrusive manners won upon the esteem of all. The amiable girl prided herself upon her generalship, and confiding in her success, entertained no doubt that one party would be formed for the remainder of the journey. Alas! sweet maiden, she was unconsciously cherishing a passion that threatened to be fatal to her peace.

As soon as dinner was over, the carriages were again ordered, the same individuals occupied them, and onward they dashed through the archiepiscopal city, whose cathedral had witnessed the debasement of a monarch, and whose altar had been stained with the blood of its own high-priest.

It was a lovely summer's evening, a few gentle showers had laid the dust and refreshed the herbage, which still glistened with the transparent drops; the mild breeze was fraught with florescent perfume; the sun was rapidly descending in the west; and the extreme distance was thrown into a dusky haze, which, however, did not wholly conceal the objects it dimly veiled. Such was the state of nature, as the carriages reached that part of the road which runs along by the side of a steep hill, midway between the lofty summit above, and

the meandering river (giving name to the village) in the valley beneath, and from whence, looking onward, the straits of Dover, with its ever-rolling waters, was distinctly visible; whilst, scarcely perceptible, the dark outline of the French coast, with its corresponding cliffs, rested upon the horizon. There, too, stood the famed castle of Dover, like an iron crown on the hoary brow of time, a relic of the Roman age, when Cæsar's army planted the imperial eagle on the shores of Britain.

It was a spectacle such as the romantic spirit loves to contemplate, and the carriage drew up that Sophia might the more readily enjoy it; but the enthusiastic girl, not satisfied with a casual glance, and wishing to see the landscape gradually fade away in the gloom of twilight, was assisted to the seat in front, where Russell placed himself by her side, with his arm encircling her sylph-like form. On went the carriage, as the darkening shades fell heavier and heavier, bringing with them the mysterious shadows of approaching night, but Sophia could have sat for ever, listening to the voice of her companion. She revelled in the luxury of innocence, a charm had spread its influences over every faculty, no sorrow shed its baneful dews upon her spirit, an uncontrolled

and uncontrollable delight reigned in her heart,—she loved, and she was happy.

Insensible, indeed, must that man have been, who could have thus pressed closely to his side a fair, a bright, an amiable creature, like Sophia Russell, and yet have experienced no sweet emotions, no tender feelings struggling in his breast. William's mind had been in a state of excitement throughout the day, and he now felt a delirium of ecstasy steal upon his soul; his language was pure and delicate, but there was a warmth and a tenderness about it, that won more strongly upon the affections of the artless maiden than vows and protestation could have done, and she treasured every sentence that he uttered in the inmost recesses of her heart.

Darkness had overspread the face of nature, when the carriages drove up to the Ship inn, on the quay at Dover; but as it would be neither interesting to my readers nor accordant with my own views, to detail every incident of their journey, let it suffice to say, that three days of uninterrupted enjoyment on the part of Sophia succeeded to each other, and though thoughts of Lady Alicia would cross the mind of Russell, and sometimes conscience rebuked him for his conduct, still the conviction that the earl would never give his consent to their union produced such

bitter pangs, that he mentally rushed from their torture to sooth himself with the playful conversation of Sophia. They visited the towns between Dover and Brighton, and as Lady Russell did not purpose returning immediately, Mr. Edmonds and his young friend bade the ladies and the general farewell, and posted off to the metropolis.

## CHAPTER XIV.

“Joy’s laughing, light, and sunny smile,  
Steals the soft twilight tint of care,  
Veiling its radiance for awhile;  
Like the pale shadow evening throws  
Upon the bushes of the rose.”

As a characteristic of her disposition, Lady Alicia Vinicombe had no sooner parted with Mr. Russell, than, feeling she had now something in life to which she could fondly cling, she aroused all the energies of her mind to perform what she conceived to be her duty, according to the vow which she had pledged; and, though the future was concealed in impenetrable obscurity, yet she determined not to shrink from any exigencies that might arise. It is true, that anxious fears and gloomy anticipations would intrude upon her thoughts; but, never entertaining one suspicion against William’s honour, and relying implicitly on his avowed affection, she conversed freely with .

Maria on the subject, and her gentle friend and counsellor repaid her confidence by devoted regard.

The day after Russell's departure, Lady Alicia and Maria again visited the wilderness; and in that small hermitage, where they had sat with him for the last time, the amiable girls communed with each other on the perils of the ocean and the unhealthiness of an eastern clime; but Alicia declared "her willingness to brave all hazards, could she but share the lot of him she loved."

Suddenly, the sounds of carriage wheels were heard, and, turning towards the avenue, they saw the earl's travelling-chariot and attendants, driving towards the Hall as fast as four post-horses could convey it. A sickening dread of she knew not what, thrilled to Alicia's very heart; and with it came something of a consciousness that her acceptance of Russell, without the knowledge or sanction of her parents, was not altogether consistent with filial duty. A faintness spread over her, as she exclaimed, "It is the earl! it is my father!" and she would have fallen from her seat, but for the support of her companion. The weakness, however, was but momentary; and, again nerving herself to meet whatever might ensue, the friends proceeded through the shrubbery towards the Hall. On the lawn, they were met by

the house-steward of the London establishment, who respectfully presented a letter to Lady Alicia, and, intimating that he should await her farther orders, immediately withdrew.

Various were the conjectures that passed rapidly through Alicia's mind, as she hesitated to break the seal. She had wished to put some questions to the steward, for the sight of the letter had assured her that the earl was still absent; but his own travelling carriage, with two out-riders, perplexed and kept her silent. The sheet was unfolded, the mystery was solved, and Alicia read the express directions of her parents to hasten, without a moment's unnecessary delay, to the metropolis, that she might, if possible, see the infant lord before he expired. The countess's own woman had been sent to attend her, with instructions to follow the commands of her young lady. One thing struck coldly on Alicia's heart; her friend Maria, though kindly spoken of, was not included in the arrangements. But the generous girl, though deeply affected at parting with her titled companion, comforted her with the assurance that her affection was indissoluble, and that they should soon meet again; for, if her brother could not return to the rectory to bid them adieu; the father would most certainly go to the metropolis, and probably remain till William embarked.

The name of Russell, the prospect of seeing him sooner than she had anticipated, assisted in reconciling Alicia to the parting with Maria. Preparations for departure were soon made; they wept in each other's arms, and then separated, the one for the splendid mansion of the earl, and the other for the quiet rectory.

Mrs. Williams had become a great favourite with the countess, on account of her taciturnity and respectful demeanour. Alicia experienced both to a very great degree; so that, throughout their wearying journey, she was thrown for resource upon her own thoughts, which afforded but slender foundation on which to erect a structure of happiness. She was fully aware that the cherished expectations of the earl, that his titles and estates would devolve to his son, were about to be, if not already frustrated, and that she would now become the object of parental solicitude, as the heiress; but at the same time she also knew, that they would spurn with contempt and indignation the bare thoughts of an alliance with William Russell, the son of a country parson, who they would hardly deign to look upon. "Perhaps," thought Alicia, "had I been differently situated, instead of being left by my parents without that control and guidance which my natural protectors should have given—perhaps I might

have escaped the difficulties in which I am now involved. The world has been to me a sealed book, and even Russell may wrong my confiding affection. But no, let me not do him the injustice to harbour one suspicion against his integrity. I probably might have had titled and wealthy admirers, nor will I suppose that amongst them there could be no men of sterling worth; but Russell already possesses the firm devotion of my heart, he is every way entitled to my best esteem, and the vow we have pledged shall never be broken by me.

Arrived in the metropolis, Lady Alicia was received by her parents with a display of their former fondness, though there was at first a manifestation of childish shame at having neglected her so long. The young lord was still alive, but breathed his last sigh a few hours afterwards, to the unfeigned grief of his sorrowing sister. The earl and countess were almost broken-hearted, and refused to be comforted; but the assiduous attentions of their daughter, so different from what they had ever before experienced, at length operated like a balm to heal the wounded spirit. The body of the child, escorted by an appropriate retinue, was conveyed to the ancient sepulchre of the family, whilst the earl and countess resolved to make an excursion to an estate in Wales so

'change of scene, taking their daughter with them. Indeed, since the death of the young lord, they could hardly endure her to quit them for a moment.

Such was the state of affairs when Edmonds and Russell returned from their coasting journey, and the latter was sorely disappointed to find that no letters from Pemberton Hall awaited him; and, stung with vexation, he viewed it as a punishment for his conduct towards Sopkia, who with her mother, sister and the general, soon returned to the town residence. Sophia was speedily informed of the decease of the young lord, and that Lady Alicia was then at Portman-square; and she lost no time in calling upon her early playmate, to condole with her and renew their friendship.

Lady Alicia had been anxiously expecting a visit, or some memorial, from Russell, for she made no doubt that Maria would inform her brother of every circumstance, (as, indeed, she had,—but the letter had been forwarded after him, and had not yet come to hand,) and hour after hour she experienced that sickness of heart which arises from hope deferred. Russell came not,—sent not; and now she was about to quit London without bidding him farewell, her heart was almost breaking. Whilst Lady Alicia was thus

labouring under the severest anguish, Sophia Russell was announced, and instantly admitted; for, as a relative of William, it was far from improbable but she could give some information respecting him. But who can tell the thrilling anguish that tortured Lady Alicia's soul, when the loquacious but unconscious girl, in the course of conversation, gave an account of her recent journey, and launched into the praises of Russell with a warmth which could have but one source? She dwelt with ecstasy on many little incidents that had occurred, and distantly hinted that he was not insensible to her worth. The blow did indeed fall heavy, for Lady Alicia felt that whilst she was cherishing the warmest affection for Russell, he had been devoting his attention, if not his regard, to another. Sophia took her departure, wholly unconscious of the pain she had inflicted, and Alicia sank overpowered to the ground, where she was discovered by her maid, and conveyed in a state of insensibility to bed.

Nothing could exceed the agitation and distress of the earl and countess at the sudden illness of their daughter. Physicians were summoned, nurses were in attendance, and every effort of the human mind employed to prevent, if possible, their utter bereavement; and Alicia, whose disorder was not of a bodily nature, was not long be-

fore she was restored to sense, and, calling pride to her aid, she determined to rise superior to her disappointment and forget the past. Alas! how easily are such determinations made!—how difficult to execute!—and Alicia, whilst striving to overcome her attachment, only rooted it the deeper. Affection whispered that Sophia might be mistaken; she knew her giddy and volatile,—she knew the warm sensibilities that were nurtured in her bosom; but then there was the fact, that Russell had not called even to make inquiry since his return, and torturing doubt harassed her beyond expression. Still she endeavoured to appear happy and calm when before her parents; but she earnestly entreated them to hasten their preparations for the journey, which they readily complied with, as the physicians had recommended travelling as best calculated to renovate her health.

Russell was to be presented to the board of directors on the following day, and after transacting some business in the city, he waited on Sir William to arrange the proceedings. Ushered into the drawing-room, Sophia soon found means to attach him to herself; and, restless with disappointment, vexed with all the world, the young official found a ready solace in the society of the lovely girl. Nothing could be more natural than for Sophia to

mention that she had heard his sister was well, and, to express her pleasure at the intelligence; but this equally as naturally led to the inquiry, as to the manner in which she had obtained her information. The name of Lady Alicia, and her presence in London, came like a thunderbolt upon Russell. His senses were bewildered,—his faculties benumbed; and his fair companion, suspecting something of the cause, felt a blight come over the green hopes of her heart. She felt the awkwardness of her situation, and rising from the seat at his side, she made an excuse to quit the room.

Humbled and abashed, Russell embraced the earliest opportunity of leaving the house, and hastening to Portman-square; but, on account of their recent bereavement, none but members or intimate friends of the family were admitted at the earl's, and the young man, half distracted, left his card, which the porter placed amongst the rest, and it never came to the sight of Lady Alicia. Russell returned home, and though he felt satisfied that nothing he had said to Sophia could be construed by any one but herself as an acknowledgment of attachment, yet he felt how imprudently he had acted; and the very thoughts that she had probably communicated her own hopes and expectations to Lady Alicia, filled his mind with dismay. The letter of his sister was put into his hands,

and its affectionate language served to calm his perturbation.

Russell was presented, and received the congratulations of the board, with instructions to prepare for his speedy departure. Sir William would not part with him, but engaged the newly-appointed official to dinner, to meet a party of gentlemen connected with India affairs, and on whose assistance he was principally to rely for future advancement. William would have excused himself, but his titled relative would take no denial, especially as Mr. Edmonds had been included in the invitation.

No martyr bound to the stake could suffer more mental anguish than Russell did, during this dinner of state; but there was no escape, and morning arrived before he could enter the privacy of his chamber, where, fevered with the wine he had drunk, he threw himself upon the bed without removing one article of his clothing, and his servant found him next morning in a state of insensibility. Medical aid was promptly procured, and Russell was restored to animation; but fever and delirium succeeded, and for some time his life was despaired of. Information was sent to the rectory, and the reverend clergyman, with Mrs. Russell and Maria, hastened to the metropolis, and took their abode at the house of Mr. Edmonds.

Several weeks passed away before William was sufficiently recovered to quit his room, but the earliest opportunity that occurred, he embraced to make inquiries of his sister respecting Lady Alicia. She had quitted the metropolis, and was then in Wales; but Maria had received a most affectionate letter, in which the subject of her heart's disappointment was alluded to with great delicacy and noble-mindedness. Maria had also visited at Sir William's, and the generous-hearted girl, Sophia, at once entered upon the subject, blaming herself for drawing conclusions that she now found were not warranted; but she could not altogether excuse Russell's conduct. Without compromising either her brother or Lady Alicia, Maria freely conversed with her fair cousin, and the latter related, without reserve, what had taken place at the earl's; at the same time, with the generosity of her nature, she forbore offering any comments on that which her quick-witted penetration had immediately discovered, viz.,—the attachment of Russell to the heiress of Pember-ton. Delighted indeed was Maria with the explanations. She immediately wrote to Lady Alicia, stating every particular, and was then awaiting her reply.

The mind of Russell was much relieved by the account given by his sister, but nevertheless he

experienced the most intense anxiety as he looked forward to the future. The ship in which he was to have embarked had sailed, and he would have three or four months to wait before the next convoy could be collected. This, whilst it reprieved his hopes, could not subdue the strong apprehensions that the parents of Alicia would never consent to their union, even should the fair girl still retain affection for him. At length the letter arrived; it breathed the spirit of kindness and conciliation that was truly consoling to the invalid, who had so far recovered, that he was now enabled to remove to the rectory. Maria had written to Lady Alicia, informing her of their expected return to the country; but she did not mention that her brother would accompany them, as it had not then been decided upon.

A fortnight elapsed, in which the renovated health and strength of Russell became apparent, and he once more resumed that perfect control over himself which he had formerly possessed. The evening of a gorgeous day was setting in, when the brother and sister stood at the entrance of the neat plantation that fronted the rectory, conversing with an elderly female, who, as a sort of pensioner, resided at the gateway-lodge. The sound of approaching carriage wheels along the high-road drew their attention, and in a few minutes a dark

equipage came rattling along at a fleet pace; a servant rode in advance, and two others (the whole in black) followed the carriage, which evidently belonged to some person of distinction. To the surprise of Russell and his sister, the postillions pulled up at the gate; the servants dismounted, the door was opened, and Maria found herself in the arms of Lady Alicia, whilst close behind her, pale yet smiling, appeared the amiable Sophia. There was at first an embarrassment, but it speedily vanished; nor was there time for much conversation, as the ladies were proceeding to Pemberton Hall, and the evening was advancing. Mutual kind expressions passed, as if there had been nothing to disturb their harmony, though both Russell and Alicia could perceive that each had been suffering from the same cause. They parted for the night, and the carriage drove off, carrying away happier hearts, and leaving happier hearts behind, than had been experienced for some time before.

The earl and countess had preceded their daughter by another road, and Lady Alicia, desirous of surprising and gratifying her friend, had taken the route past the rectory. Sophia Russell, presuming on their juvenile regards, had solicited a visit to the noble family, which was acceded to, and the interview had done much to tranquillize

the feelings of both the ladies. Alicia wished to return to Pemberton Hall, that she might be amongst scenes congenial to her affections, and her parents promptly complied with her desires.

It is needless to go over a lengthened detail of various interviews between Russell and the wealthy heiress. The late misunderstanding had more clearly pointed out how dear they were to each other; and at length, as the time for Russell's departure drew near, satisfied that the earl would never sanction their alliance, Alicia consented to a private marriage, which was effected by the clergyman of a distant village with all the rusticity of a mere country wedding. It could not, however, be concealed from William's father, who, in his intercourse with his brethren of the cloth soon ascertained the fact, and immediately considered himself bound, as a man of honour and a divine, to communicate the intelligence to the earl. This he did in the most appropriate terms; but the noble's rage was beyond all bounds, and he at once discarded his daughter from his heart and house. Alicia found a quiet refuge at the rectory, whilst the earl gave instructions to his solicitor to institute proceedings for annulling the marriage.

Affairs were in this position, when orders were received for William's embarkation. Alicia entreated permission to accompany him, but she yielded to persuasion and consented to remain in

England, till Russell had prepared for her in India, or, relinquishing his expectations returned to Europe. Bitter was the mortification of the noble couple at Pemberton Hall, and heavily passed the hours without seeing their daughter. Pride at length gave way, nature, in some measure, triumphed, and previous to Russell's taking final leave, Lady Alicia had received an ungracious pardon from her parents. Still, the process for annulling the marriage went on, though both Alicia and her husband had reasons to believe that it would never be carried to extremes; nor were their expectations foiled, for shortly after Russell had sailed, Lady Alicia gave promise of becoming a mother, and this circumstance had the effect of reviving hopes of a male heir in the direct line, so that the young bride was at once relieved from all embarrassment, and restored to higher pomp and greater fondness than ever.

In the due course of time, Lady Alicia Russell was delivered of twins,—both fine boys; and, as the eldest first saw the light, a riband was bound round his wrist, to distinguish him as the future lord. By some means, however, the riband had got loosened, and as the infants laid in their splendid cradle, they bore such striking resemblance to each other, that all attempts at distinction were at an end, and the earl was both vexed

'and puzzled relative to ulterior claims. Consultations were held with his professional advisers, months passed away in deliberation, when the current of his thoughts and hopes were changed, for the countess was again *enciente*, and at the proper period presented her lord with another son. Once more Lady Alicia experienced the vicissitudes of life, and they came with keener sting. At the birth of the former heir, the deprivation of immense wealth rested solely on herself; but now she had others dependent upon her situation,—two lovely babes, who claimed her maternal care, and she could not but feel most deeply at the prospect of their losing what she had fondly hoped would be theirs. Intelligence had been sent to India, and letters had been received from Russell, acceding to the entreaties of his wife to join him. The earl and countess offered no opposition. They settled on their daughter a handsome fortune, and with a splendid outfit she embarked in an extra-ship for Calcutta, the infants then being about eighteen months old. The circumstance of their being captured by the half-pirate, half-national ship under the rebellious flag, has already been narrated, as well as the unnatural separation of the children from their mother, and the results of that separation as it respected those children themselves; but the Yankee captain was a man of

brutal character, who looked upon the beauty of Lady Alicia with a libidinous eye, and he determined to gratify his appetite at all hazards, not only from a desire to possess the lovely woman, but also from a conviction that he would be wreaking his vengeance, and inflicting a horrible injury on one of his former countrymen. But the wretch was disappointed, for he had not sent away his prize many hours, when she was re-captured by a British frigate, which came in immediate pursuit of the victor-ship, and happily brought her in sight when the Yankees were revelling over their success. A long and arduous chase commenced; the rebel craft sailed, to use a sea term, "like a witch," but the frigate also had "long legs," and the fellow did not dare to perpetrate farther outrage, till he was certain of escaping.

At length the frigate got them within reach of her guns, and the coward struck his colours without firing a shot. To describe the feelings of Lady Alicia, at finding herself rescued from the impending peril, would be impossible, but they were quickly swallowed up by the thoughts of her children. The recaptured Indiaman had received directions to pursue her course to Calcutta, bond having been given as to her value, and she was soon discovered making the best of her way.

Lady Alicia was again reinstated in her cabins, and the captain of the frigate promised to use every exertion to ascertain the fate of the sloop, which he did, by running for the place of her destination, Senegal; where, it appeared, she had been wrecked upon the bar at the entrance of the river, and every soul had perished.

Lady Alicia joined her husband at Calcutta, and deep and heartfelt was their grief, which even the society of each other could not alleviate. Years passed away, but the glimmerings of hope still threw their faint light over the mother's heart; she had not witnessed the death of her children, and she could not believe they were really dead. Russell arrived at exaltation. He was created a baronet; and the young earl expectant following his brother to the tomb, the parents of Lady Alicia implored her return. Sir William acquiesced—they arrived in England, and were most favourably received. No pains or expense were spared in endeavouring to trace the children, but all inquiries tended to the same result,—the total loss of the Portuguese sloop.

The earl and countess were gathered to their fathers, and Lady Alicia became a peeress in her own right. Sir William's active mind could not wholly retire into private life. He again went to India, and had not long returned when the in-

cidents before narrated, relative to the supposed Captain Pearce, occurred.

The Greenwich pensioner's evidence could not be doubted, as he gave Lady Alicia a clear and distinct account of every thing as it had actually happened; and the statement of Captain Russell, together with the miniatures, which her ladyship had got executed previously to sailing, completed the corroborative facts. Every particular was well weighed by the baronet, who, without hesitation, looked upon the gallant officer and his reprobate prisoner as brothers, and upon both as his own children.

Having brought down our history thus far, we again take up the thread, which demands a fresh chapter.

## CHAPTER XV.

*Finis coronat opus.*

NOTWITHSTANDING the efforts of captain Russell to obtain some degree of favour for the pirate-chief, the latter could not but feel most bitterly the heavy restraint that was necessarily imposed upon him. He had been accustomed to hold a stern command over a daring and lawless band, his word held their very existence at control, and one principal bond of their union was misnomered freedom; for, according to their vocabulary, freedom consisted, of unlicensed power to range the world and plunder. When at sea, even though a prisoner, there was still the element to which he had been so long endeared, with a smart ship under his feet, and he could feel the sweet freshness of the breeze as it hurried them along. Now his high and haughty spirit was compressed between stone walls and massive bars, nor could he expect to quit them but through a death of

shame. Instead of suberviency to his will and liberty to his person, he was now forced to submit to prison-regulations, and be locked up within his lonely cell through that period—the darkness of the night,—in which his very soul loved to indulge in gazing at the heavens, or looking down upon the blue waters. He had never known a relative till he became a captive, and found a brother in a conqueror; and now, incarcerated for a crime considered by the laws as of the most heinous nature,—to be brought to trial, exposed before a crowded court, smiled on in scorn, or commiserated in pity,—to be condemned and executed in the presence of thronging thousands, who would witness his death as they would that of a dog,—the thoughts were too terrible to endure; and though he possessed a mind of almost supernatural strength, yet it gradually gave way, and the many victims of his murderous cruelty so haunted his imagination, that at times his reason failed, and he was a maniac. He knew that his brother was employing all his energies and exertions to assist him; but even the germ of rising hope was grasped by the icy hand of despair, and frozen in an instant. In vain had the captain endeavoured to reason him to calmness and resignation; in vain had the clergyman of the Jail talked to him of the comforts of religion; the unhappy man grew

hourly more and more untractable and desperate. But that which stung him deepest, was the conduct of those who formerly trembled at his nod; for he scarcely ever entered the prison-yard, but he met with insults and revilings from the remnant of his band: they now considered themselves upon an equality with their chief, and the mongrels yelped at the fettered lion. Yet there were one or two who still held communion with their once intrepid leader, and treated him with a respectful attention that was calculated in some measure to sooth his wounded pride; but it was evident that his spirit was broken and his energy subdued. Of Marietta he had never spoken since the action with the corvette, nor was her name ever mentioned to him, and it is probable that, foiled in his designs, he thought no more of her. But on those beautiful features, that were so admirably portrayed on the ivory which he constantly wore in his breast, he would gaze at for hours, and it calmed the perturbation of his mind: he delighted to dwell upon the idea that it was the representation of his mother, for it seemed to ally him to something human that he could truly love. How little did he think that *that* mother was yet living, and, like Rachel, mourning for her children.

Three weeks had elapsed since the padrone's first introduction to Newgate, when a hackney-chariot

drew up at the corner of Newgate-street, and from it alighted a lady and two gentlemen: the lady and one of the gentlemen were advanced in years, the third had not yet attained what is generally termed the middle age. They stood conversing together for a minute or two, and then walked, with rather a hurried step, to the entrance of that massive pile, that at once tells its nature and design. The oldest of the two gentlemen wore a large cloak of robe-like appearance, which completely muffled his face from observation; and there was something in his manner which plainly indicated that he wanted to keep himself from being known, and which drew down upon him general notice. They ascended the steps of the governor's house, and were promptly admitted; and Sir William Russell being recognised, received the utmost attention and respect. It was proposed that the padrone should be brought into a private room, where his parents might have an interview with him without discovering themselves; but the attendant who bore the message to him, returned with a report that he was too ill to leave his cell, and the eagerness of Lady Alicia, overcoming every scruple in Sir William's mind, they determined upon visiting him there. A cold, sick shuddering crept across the mother's heart as, leaning on the arm of the captain, she followed her hus-

band and the governor through the dark passages, and passed the numerous cells that tenanted the guilty felons; whilst the clanking of the irons, amidst boisterous laughter and rude mirth, arose fearfully upon the ear.

At length, they stopped at the door of a room rather superior to those they had already seen, and on entering, they beheld the pirate-chief dressed in a black velvet suit, and stretched upon his bed.

“How! what is this?” he exclaimed, starting up impatiently. “Am I to be exhibited—exposed to every gaze as a monster?” Then recognising the captain, he added, “This is not kind of you. Alone, and you are welcome; but,”—he laid himself back again,—“it will soon be over.”

Captain Russell approached the side of the bed, and was greatly struck by the altered appearance of his prisoner. “Brother,” said he, in a voice of kindness, “Brother! for I may with certainty give you that title now”—the padrone raised his head—“will you not rise to receive the visitors who have accompanied me, and one whom—nay, do not look so wild—where is your portrait?”

“Speak, speak!” convulsively gasped the pirate-chief; “have you made any farther discovery—obtained any certain knowledge? Speak,

I conjure you, for my hours are numbered." He became more calm, drew out the miniature, held it up before his eyes, and then pressing it to his lips, feebly uttered, "My mother!"

Sir William, overpowered by the intensity of his feelings, and Lady Alicia, every faculty of her soul absorbed by what was passing, had remained just within the doorway; but the small low voice of nature calling upon her name, was distinctly heard and instantly responded to. Rushing across the apartment, she fell on her knees by the side of the pallet, exclaiming, "I am here, my child—my son! I am here; it is your mother speaks."

A shriek,—a yell burst from the pirate as he sprang from his bed; and catching Lady Alicia by the shoulders he raised her up, held her at arm's length, and his very eyes seemed bursting from their sockets as he fixed the intensity of his gaze upon her face. Not a limb of his body moved; his very respiration was suspended,—he stood thus for a minute,—a faint smile passed over his features; "My mother!" escaped from his lips, and he fell at her feet a corpse.

It is needless to describe what followed. Lady Russell was conveyed home insensible; but prompt medical aid restored her, and the attention of her surviving son tended greatly to sooth her mind.

The captain arranged the obsequies of his brother; but previous to his interment, a coroner's inquisition was taken on the body, which was opened, and then it was ascertained that he had swallowed poison—how or from whence obtained, no clew could be discovered. The funeral was strictly private; the body was interred in the church-yard of St. Sepulchre, but was almost immediately afterwards exhumed and conveyed to the family vault at Pemberton.

The case of the captured ship was ultimately brought before the privy-council. A portion of the gold was restored to the Portuguese court at Brazil, the ship was declared a lawful prize, and the prize-money shared, giving to each man of the Warlock a small iadependency, and to the officers a handsome competence. Don José continued for a long time under the surveillance of the police, lest he should be claimed by his own government; but no proceedings being instituted to that effect, every restriction was removed, and Hamilton, on the attainment of post-rank, was united to Marietta. Dexter obtained his step, and became eminent in the service; Darby Allen retired to a cottage in the country, to enjoy his “natural rest” undisturbed; Mr. Humphreys became master-attendant of a dock-yard, and was well known, for many years, under the appellation of “Old Growl;”

M'Creery died a commander, and Marshall lost his life in a cutting-out affair up the Mediterranean. Old Ben obtained a snug mooring at Greenwich, amongst many of his old shipmates, preferring it to a residence with Hamilton, where, he declared, he should be entirely out of his latitude, especially "in regard o' them there four-masted consarns which your 'long-shore folks sleep in." Here he cuffed his yarns, smoked his pipe, wanting for nothing that he desired which money could procure. His greatest delight was, to see the officer who was indebted to him for instruction; and Hamilton never forgot his worthy old friend, frequently visiting him at his snug cabin, and conversing upon the occurrences of past times. At length the veteran yielded to the "great conqueror," and Captain Hamilton followed his remains to the tomb. Diego enjoyed himself in England, and declared the happiest day of his life was, "when da handsome debble, Massa Captain Bumbleton," became "da massa for him young missy."

Several of the pirates were tried, condemned and executed; others were imprisoned for a longer or shorter period, and a few were allowed to enter the navy,—being then very short of hands.

On the death of his mother, Captain Russell became Earl of Pemberton, and entered into the

possession of the immense property attached to the title, as well as the privileges of a peer of the realm. Between the earl and Hamilton the most cordial friendship existed, and the children of the latter were handsomely remembered among the bequests of the former. The earl died childless, the title passed to another branch of the family, and the Warlock was, a few years since, broken up at Deptford.

THE END.





